WEEK ENDING AUG. 23 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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In This Issue:

Short Cuts to Divorce

By Brenda Ueland

BEGINNING

The Code *of* Death

A Thrilling Serial Novel

By Ben Hecht

Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost

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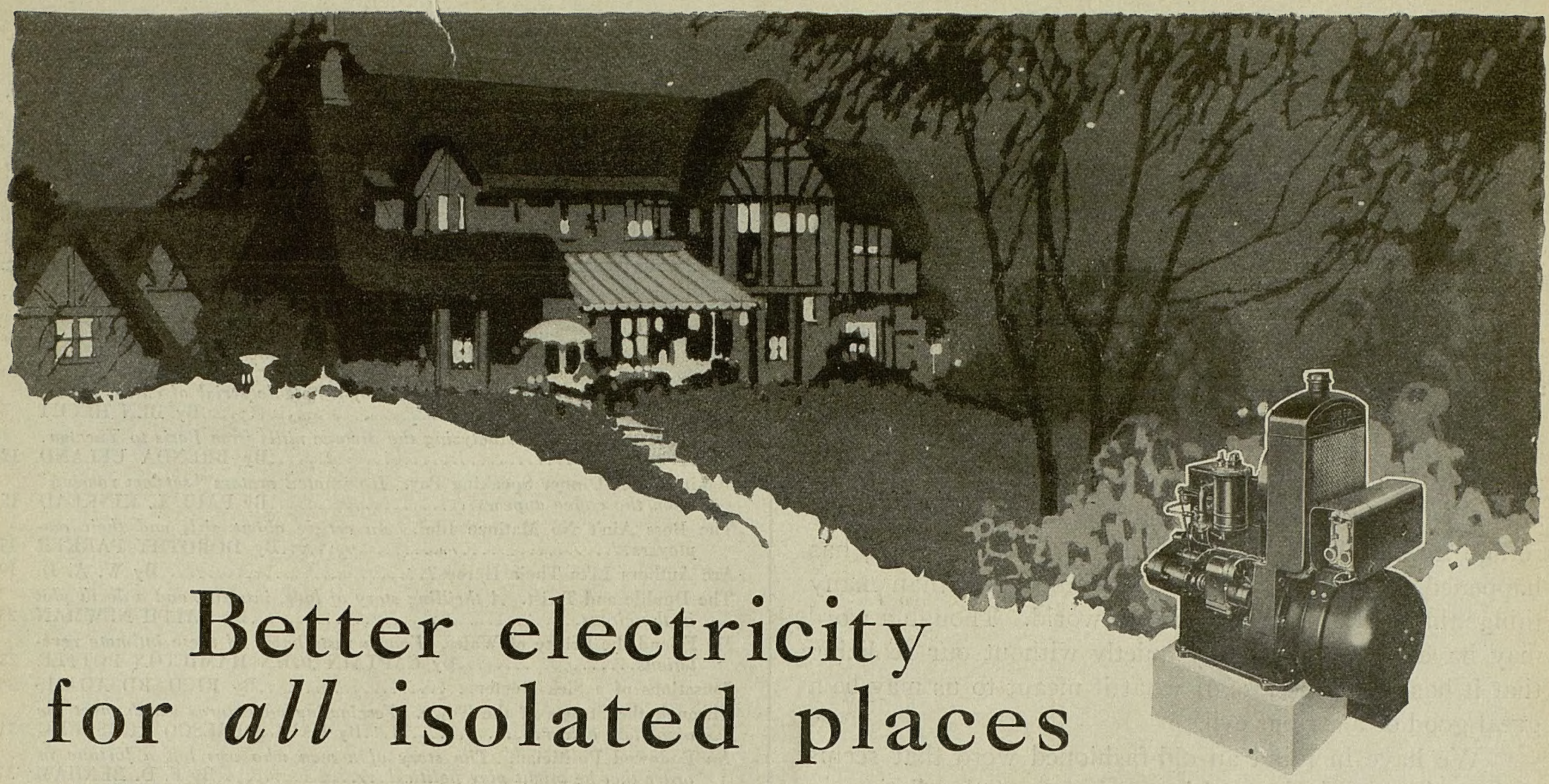

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[Signed] *E. C. Patterson,*
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AUGUST 23, 1924

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CONTENTMENT

Words go out of fashion, like clothes and furniture and other things. They leave our tongues and find a dusty refuge in the dictionary. When they do, something has happened, perhaps something more important than many things that make a great stir in the world. Though a word may have dropped out very quietly without our realizing that it has gone, the loss of what it meant to us may be a great good or a serious evil.

We have in mind an old-fashioned word that seems to have been tucked away in the leaves of the dictionary as an old gown is laid away in the lavender of some attic chest. It was once a wholesome word and its memory, at least, if we are never to regain it, should be fragrant. It is the word contentment.

A generation which has let contentment slip away has lost something very precious. Contentment did not mean want of ambition or enterprise. It did not involve stagnation. It meant a wise appreciation of what is good in our lives. It brought to its fortunate possessor a defense from futile fret, from waste of spirit and effort in the pursuit of things not worth their cost. It helped him to use his powers for objects worth while and it saved him from a mean and useless envy of another's fortune.

Our generation is living in an age of wonders. Wealth accumulates and is more widely distributed than ever before in human history. New resources of physical comfort that the kings of past ages would have considered priceless luxury, new resources of knowledge and enjoyment, are bestowed upon us year by year. We have more to live with, more to live for, than the most fortunate of our forerunners.

Does our mood reflect our good fortune? It does not. We seem to be more concerned that our neighbor has, or seems to have, more than we than that we ourselves have more than our forefathers dreamed could be ours. We have moved so fast that we would move ever faster. We possess so much that we would ever have more. A curbstone philosopher, watching the torrent of automobiles whirling along a great city thoroughfare, said: "That is our age, riding like hell—to get nowhere."

That was not a fair judgment, for we are moving in many ways to better things. But the growth of material wealth in which we all share, though in different measure, has bred in us a disquiet and stress which is cheating us of its employment. That also is an effect of unbalanced preachments of social injustice. It is useful and necessary to have criticism of conditions. Through it, when wise, comes progress. But no greater injury could be done a people than to turn their back upon the good they possess, to rob them of their perception of what they have, to take away contentment.

IN THIS ISSUE

Cover Design by James Montgomery Flagg

	Page
The Code of Death. *First installment of a notable serial of chills, thrills, and breathless adventure*.....By BEN HECHT	5
Short Cuts to Divorce. *Analyzing the divorce mills from Paris to Yucatan.*.....By BRENDA UELAND	12
Making After-Dinner Speaking Pay. *How noted orators "set 'em roaring" when the coffee appears*.....By PAUL L. KINKEAD	15
The Boss Ain't No Matinee Idol. *An article about girls and their employers*.....By DOROTHY PARKER	17
Are Authors Like Their Heroes?.....By W. A. D.	19
The Double and Twist. *A thrilling story of love, intrigue, and a death plot in the circus*.....By RALPH NEWMAN	23
My Friend the Prince of Wales. *Fourth installment of these intimate revelations*.....By CAPTAIN JOHN HAMILTON POTTER	28
Sensations of a Sick Doctor.....By RICHARD ADAMS	30
Through the Streets of the Town. *Fascinating adventures which meet the night taxi driver*.....By PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG	34
An Endowed Politician. *The story of a man who was left a fortune in order that he might play politics!*.....By F. D. BENHAM	37
The Straw Boss. *A short story of strong men, love, and revenge in a roaring steel mill*.....By H. M. HAMILTON	40
Bright Sayings of Children.....	42
What Ball Players Really Say to Umps. *An uproarious baseball article*.....By HUGH FULLERTON	43
Oris and Mantis. *An account of two extraordinary brothers who made millions*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT	45
And I Learned About Men from Him. *IV. Wanted—a wife, f. o. b.*.....As told by Betty to LILLIAN DAY	47
$1,000 for Tongue Twisters! *Ten winners of $100 prizes*.....	49
The Woman's End of Diplomacy. *More fascinating reminiscences of an ambassador's wife*.....By MAUDE PARKER CHILD	52
School Days Aren't So Far Off! *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA	55
Preparing the Girl for College. *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE	56
The Way of a Man with a Maid. *Second in a series of Essays on Love*.....By W. L. GEORGE	57
Getting a Job in the Movies. *Final installment*...By KATHRYN MARTIN	59
He Tickles the Palates of the Great. *A famous chef narrates the gustatory whimsies of famous figures*.....Told by PAUL T. GILBERT	61

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Scrambling to Meet the King!

This is the highly significant title of an engrossing special article by John Steele, veteran London newspaper correspondent, in which he tells picturesquely how hundreds of good "100%" Americans bombard the American ambassador in London with letters, telegrams, cablegrams, and even radiograms, demanding that they be presented at the court of His Majesty King George V. of England!

Are women growing ugly, and is the Melting Pot to blame? An eminent author believes that the idealized American girl is doomed; that in 100 years or so, owing to the admixture of races, her slim beauty will be superseded by "the unshapely and slow-witted." It is a startling scientific interview, this one which Brenda Ueland, its author, calls *Are Women Growing Ugly?*

All the devious tricks of the shyster lawyer are laid bare in a series of four articles beginning in the next issue. Watch for *Confessions of a Shyster*.

JOHN STEELE

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The CODE of DEATH

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

HERE at Last Is the Super-thriller for Which You Have Been Waiting—A Breath-Taking Serial of Plot and Counterplot, of Warring Passions and Weird Adventure, Battle and Murder, with a Woman's Life and an Empire at Stake!

As the Curtain Rises

THE SCENE: Palace of the President of the German Republic and other government buildings in Berlin.

INTRODUCING THE ACTORS

OTTO THALHEIMER, a Socialist butcher of Dresden, whom the revolution has made President of the new German Republic.

KORA THALHEIMER, his wife, whom he married only three months ago and whom he has now sentenced to die for plotting against his government. Kora is a woman of mystery, easily Thalheimer's superior in mentality, who has sought to influence her husband to appoint her friends to high governmental positions.

COUNT EITEL VON STENKA, "strong man of Germany," who, while posing as Thalheimer's friendly adviser, is craftily plotting to restore the empire and is responsible for the death sentence imposed upon Kora.

CAPTAIN ADOLPH GRAUDENZ, Von Stenka's close friend and bodyguard, a giant endowed with enormous strength.

THE WHITE BEARDED MAN OF MYSTERY, who is causing Von Stenka all manner of worry and trouble with his notes and terrible demands for Kora's release.

COMMUNISTS, plotters for the Empire, soldiers, guards, and servants.

INSTALLMENT I.—DOOMED TO DIE!

THE delicate-featured, narrow-shouldered Count Eitel von Stenka was speaking . . .

"It is not every man, my dear Otto, who enjoys the privilege of having his wife officially executed. As for your heartbreak, that is sheer nonsense. To begin with, you are too fat for such romanticism. You are the President of the new German Republic and if you will stop to think, Otto, my dear friend, it is impossible for the President of the Republic of Germany to die of hearbreak."

The heavy-bodied, bald-headed and red-faced Otto Thalheimer stared with confusion at the man whom the historical-minded press was beginning to identify as the Cromwell of the Republic.

"You talk," he muttered. "But I keep thinking it's a mistake."

Von Stenka pantomimed an exaggerated disdain.

"You keep thinking," he smiled. "And with what do you think? The woman is guilty, I tell you. And, what is worse, she is as crafty as the devil himself. If you grant her a pardon, what do you accomplish? Aha! She will come home. You will embrace her. And she will stick a knife in your back and overthrow our beloved government."

The brown, womanish eyes of Von Stenka rested steadily on the face of Otto Thalheimer.

"I am fed up with traitors," he continued. "Our Kora is better off tucked away in a little grave inside the Moabit walls. And so are we."

"But to kill her," the heavy voice of Thalheimer interjected. "Ah, she is my wife!"

"Your affection is touching, Otto," Von Stenka chuckled, "considering that she married you for the sole purpose of assassinating you. The proof is overwhelming.

"Come now, rouse yourself, Otto; be a man. A little volley in a corner of Moabit prison, hardly loud enough to wake a robin, and Mme. Kora Thalheimer is *finis*. What could be simpler? You not only save your life, but become a hero. You have sacrificed your bride for the Fatherland."

The little man's voice continued to bubble words into Otto Thalheimer's ears. The President lifted himself out of the chair and stood half listening.

It was a long time since Otto Thalheimer had run a butcher shop in Dresden. Many obliterating things had occurred since. For nine years he had been a reliable Socialist delegate in the Reichstag. He had marched in parades, and complained about the beer at May Day rallies, and worn a frock coat with a square silk hat to important funerals.

The war had come and things had begun going slowly up in smoke. An empire had gone. The greatest army in the world. Magic names had vanished in little puffs. And revolutions had begun.

To Otto the whole thing was like a surprising carnival. It was all crazy and unreal. The machine guns in the middle of familiar streets, the red flags, the speechmakers and manifestos and impossible foolishness going on—and then one day everybody had begun saying that the only way to save the empire from going to the devil was to appoint Otto Thalheimer as provisional President.

"Thalheimer is the one man fitted for the task of keeping our Fatherland from plunging into chaos," *Vorwärts* had proclaimed.

It was, of course, something nobody could understand. And with this explanation Otto had seated himself in the current and allowed himself to be swept into Wilhelmstrasse.

Amid all the crazy events and unrealities swarming about his solid head, Provisional

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President Thalheimer found, more and more, a certain satisfaction in remembering his youth. As he walked about in the high ornate corridors hung with portraits of Bismarck and the Hohenzollerns, he often repeated to himself, "I am Otto Thalheimer from Dresden," as a man might pinch himself to make certain he was awake.

But now there were troubles. Real troubles which lay heavy on the heart of President Thalheimer. He stood listening to the miniature of a man and a sadness flooded him. This fragile little nobleman, Von Stenka, was too much. He was more mysterious than everything else put together. Long before the crazy things had started happening, when there was yet a battle line on the famous four fronts, the little count had come and sought out Thalheimer and begun talking to him.

An almost nothing of a man with a monocle and womanish eyes and little white teeth always shining in a smile. Red hair and burnsides and a jade bracelet on his right wrist. That such a man should be able to know so much—to make so much happen!

"You don't understand," Thalheimer's voice interrupted, finally. "I love her."

"Love, Otto, is not for you. You belong to the people," Von Stenka murmured. Raising his voice with sudden indignation, he cried, "Ah, what a jackass you are! To think that Prince Bismarck once sat in that chair!"

Thalheimer cleared his throat nervously and edged away from the famous chair.

"The trial," he began, "seemed to me——"

"Insufficient," Von Stenka finished for him. "God in Heaven! What do you want? Your corpse brought in as proof?"

"No, no, Eitel. But she would not speak. She did not try to defend herself. She just stood still, so beautifully still, and looked at me."

"Yes, with regret. The fact that you were still alive must have made her sick every time she thought of it. Dear God, Otto, why did you ever marry her? Did I not from the first tell you she was a plot—a terrorist plot? To marry you, work on your putty-like butcher boy's heart, one by one enter her red-handed friends into the high places of the cabinet and then—Hurrah for the Soviets!

"And you ask for more proof? Very well. What I have to show you will only bring on another attack of your kidney trouble. But you insist—here. Read it aloud so your ears will remember as well as your eyes."

THE Count handed a sheet of writing paper to Thalheimer and the latter, staring at it, raised his voice obediently, and read:

> Adolph, My Own: I have arranged everything. M. will take charge as I told you. And they are agreed you shall have what you want. As for that fat ninny, our beloved Otto, it is almost unnecessary to get rid of him. He is too thick in the head to worry over. Yet in order to avoid any mishaps we have decided to make a martyr of him. The *bourgeoisie* need a good, reliable martyr. We of the proletariat have had all the best of it in martyrs—to date. You will see me at Julia's tomorrow afternoon at four. And I will tell you in person all you need know. Thy KORA.

Thalheimer dropped heavily into a chair, muttering, "It is her writing."

"And my Adolph," Von Stenka sighed. "My noble, trusty Apollo!"

"Captain Graudenz!" the stricken Thalheimer cried, leaning forward. "Then he, too, was with them!"

"O no, Otto," Von Stenka answered. "It was at my orders. Don't let your red face swell up so. It was necessary. My Adolph and your Kora, under my careful direction, were brought together by love, the emotion to which you are so partial, Otto. Enough! I'm through talking about it, do you understand? I put an end to Kora now, right here. There is no more talk of pardons. I will not tolerate it. A vicious, murdering creature, as unprincipled as Satan and as beautiful as a king's favorite. And the backbone of the last three communist plots to overthrow you.

"I have saved your life. But you are right in feeling no gratitude for that. The deed was hardly worth the trouble. All I ask is for you to remember that on Friday morning next Mme. Kora is *finis*. One, two, three—boom! And the dear lady will be no more than an irritating memory."

Von Stenka grew gay as he swung into his favorite melodrama stride. He was a garrulous man, on the surface, and fancied himself the most when delivering such little theatrical pronouncements.

Having struck a rhetorical climax, he turned without more words and marched out.

Thalheimer's eyes followed him, the look of fear deepening in his face. The little fop was too much. He was not like a man.

The President remained leaning heavily against the chair as Von Stenka's footsteps died away. He was thinking—what if it were not Kora's letter? What if someone else had written it?

His heavy hands felt curiously futile. There was nothing he could do with his hands. His mind tried to follow something through. Three months ago they were married. And Von Stenka had started at once his campaign to kill the woman.

"The devil take him," Thalheimer muttered. Something was happening which was too involved for him. Events were piling up so that things grew invisible. Kora—his heart stopped as always at her name. She had enslaved him.

Then one evening it was over. Another plot. Messages intercepted. Guns were being bought to shoot down Otto Thalheimer. An army was being organized to capture Otto Thalheimer. Barbed wire was being strung through all the streets to protect Otto Thalheimer. And all that one could hope to know was that Von Stenka knew all about it. It was he who had ordered Kora's arrest.

Dizzily Thalheimer recalled the court martial. She refused to speak and, incredible as it seemed to him now, he himself had uttered the sentence—Moabit and execution.

"He is the devil!" Thalheimer murmured aloud. "He made me. It came too quickly, the whole thing."

Count Eitel Von Stenka had moved his quarters into the Government Building in Wilhelmstrasse. The horde of new officials which had taken possession of the departments paid little attention to him at first. Many curious characters were swarming mysteriously through the Wilhelmstrasse offices.

The talk centered principally on the question, "Who is the real man behind the Government?" The answers varied from day to day. "Dr. Ochsner," one group of political savants whispered in January. And Dr. Ochsner, the makeshift Foreign Minister, went about blinking enigmatically through his monocle.

IN February a rival group of political savants had nominated Karl Schmidt as the man of mystery. And Karl Schmidt, the makeshift Minister of Finance, increased the caliber of his frown. There were six or seven others—all enjoyed a mysterious heyday as the "strong man of Germany"—the man who was secretly whipping matters into shape.

And then legends began forming about the foppish, fragile figure of Von Stenka. He was a strange one, this popinjay. Dr. Rupprecht, the private messenger from Lenin, had sought him out immediately on his arrival in Berlin. And General Hoffman, at whose house His Excellency Eric Ludendorff was known to be hiding, had called and asked for Von Stenka.

At last the authentic man of mystery had been found—the "strong man" who was playing solitaire with the German destinies had been located, ironically enough, in the person of this monocled little fop! And the amateur conspirators (who was not a conspirator at the time?) bestirred themselves locating the antecedents of the "Chaperon," a name which had come into existence behind Von Stenka's back.

The findings of the conspirators may be dismissed in a paragraph.

The oldest son of an almost extinct Prussian family, active in the war on the General Staff,

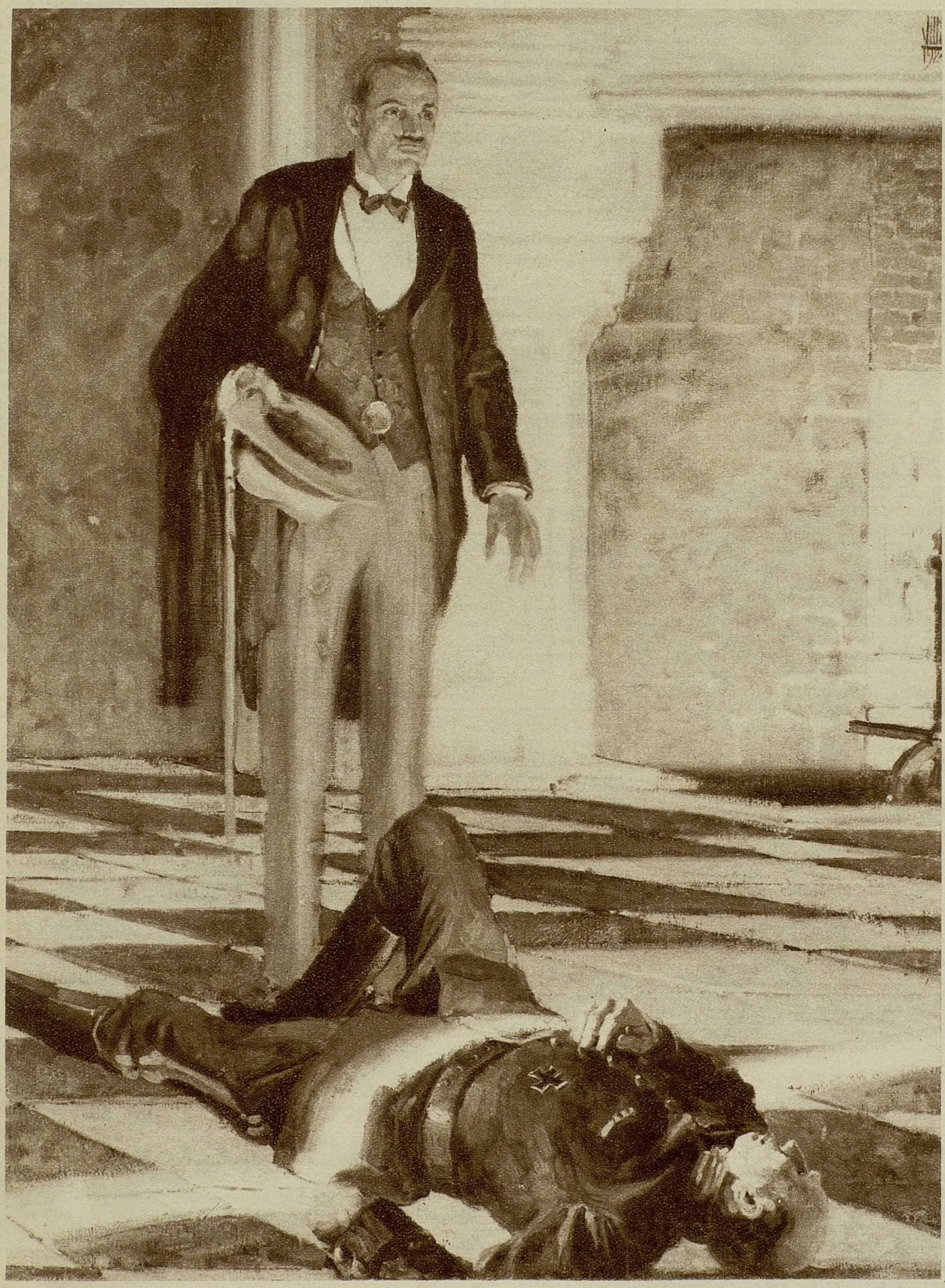
THE AUTHOR OF LIBERTY'S NEW SUPER-THRILLER

BEN HECHT, the brilliant young Chicago author who wrote Liberty's new super-thriller, *The Code of Death*, has many literary successes to his credit and is rapidly enlarging his circle of readers. While his first triumphs were won with novels of an ultra-modernistic trend, he now has turned to fiction of a more popular order—romances of mystery, adventure, and thrills—and here his success has been even more pronounced.

His first novel to attract widespread attention was *Erik Dorn*, published in 1921. Shortly afterward came a highly successful mystery romance—*The Florentine Dagger*—and then the popular *One Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago*, a volume of sketches dealing with picturesque and out of the way phases of life in Chicago. His latest work, *The Code of Death*, which begins in this issue of *Liberty*, is a venture into another new field—that of the tense, sensational "thriller of thrillers"—and we'll venture the prediction that readers will watch impatiently for each installment to appear. It's a story of the kind that is written only once in a blue moon!

Mr. Hecht's own story is that of the successful newspaper man turning his efforts toward literature. For years he has enjoyed prominence as a Chicago newspaper man. Born in New York City on February 28, 1893, Mr. Hecht was educated in the high school at Racine, Wisconsin. He married Miss Marie Armstrong, writer and dramatic critic, of Chicago, on November 30, 1915. His first Chicago newspaper position was as a reporter on the staff of The Chicago Journal in 1910. In 1914 he joined the staff of the Chicago Daily News, and the year between December, 1918, and December, 1919, found him foreign correspondent in charge of the Berlin office of the News. It was at this time that he gathered much of the background material for *The Code of Death*.

Besides his novels, which are noted for their vigor and their wealth of color, he is the author of numerous magazine articles and short stories and is editor of The Chicago Literary Times.



Returning from the court martial, Von Stenka had himself stumbled upon the body.

a creature with inexhaustible acquaintances, at home in the councils of the Spartacists as well as in the rallying centers of the junkers —these simple facts were easily obtainable. But what Von Stenka's objective was remained a mystery. There was no one who could say, "Von Stenka is doing this—or doing that."

"He is the State," exclaimed the deposed "man of mystery," Dr. Ochsner, petulantly answering a question one evening. "Such things happen when the times are upside down."

Von Stenka returned to his apartments smiling to himself. His good nature and fragility combined to make an invaluable asset. The woods were full of ambitious and unscrupulous men hungering for power. And Von Stenka, with his inevitable smile, his almost puny body,

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

concealed to a great extent the fact of his enviable power.

As he entered the corridor his smile left him. He paused in front of a door and before opening it switched on the lights in the rooms beyond. There was a button for this purpose hidden under the knob. For a moment he intended to enter. A shrug of his narrow shoulders revealed he had changed his mind.

"Karl, come here," he called abruptly to the guard at the farther end of the corridor. The soldier approached and appeared to understand what was wanted of him. He opened the door for the little man and entered the brightly lighted rooms. Von Stenka remained outside.

"Look all over," he ordered. "Under the bed. And in the closets."

"Nobody," the soldier's voice called back, after a pause.

"Are the windows still bolted?"

"Yes, my Count."

"And there has been nobody in the corridor since I left?"

"No one."

Von Stenka nodded, and entered his apartment. The soldier emerged and saluted.

INSIDE, Von Stenka looked at his watch. It would be another half hour, perhaps, before Graudenz returned. Graudenz was his lieutenant and bodyguard. The count smiled. Otto had been a bigger fool than he had hoped. Sensing some sentimental backfire in the stupid fellow's heart, he had scribbled the Kora letter before calling on him. The victory, however, was too banal to spend time remembering. It did not help matters any.

"We must get rid of her," his thought murmured. A part of the situation was obvious to his keen mind. An adventuress, under the guidance of someone as yet unknown, had married the Provisional President. Her purpose had been—what? Von Stenka tapped his teeth with his forefinger. To introduce her mysterious employer into the President's confidence. Yes, it was Kora who had suggested a man named Baron Mittlander as the new Minister of Education. And, likewise, a man named Dr. Hervin as the new Foreign Minister. And others.

Von Stenka remembered a half dozen names. Yet none of the men named had ever appeared. The President had brought them up casually during their innumerable conferences. Who were these mysterious creatures Mme. Kora was seeking to introduce into the high places of the government? Inquiry had proved worthless. The candidates the woman was endeavoring to foist upon the simple minded Thalheimer were unknown in any of the political camps. Pseudonyms, Von Stenka had decided.

HIS thought extricated itself from his meditation. Why was there only one guard in the corridor? Fools! Had it not been proved how unsafe was one entry? Count Eitel opened a drawer in his desk and removed a notebook. He studied the tiny writing in its pages. Perhaps there were enough details now to suggest a theory. Four days ago the sentry outside the door had been murdered. The crime had occurred an hour after Kora had been sentenced at the court martial. Returning from the scene, Von Stenka had himself stumbled on the body. He had found a note in the dead man's hand:

"E. S.: You have until Friday to change your mind."

For his eyes, of course. He was being threatened.

Von Stenka studied the curious script in his notebook. It was in his own code, not particularly difficult for an expert, but sufficient to baffle prying eyes. The words were written backward and spelled half in French and half in Russian, and every fourth word was a "blind."

He began with the first entry concerning Kora. The woman had from the beginning held herself aloof. But her scheming had become obvious almost at once. The innumerable candidates she offered—and the count had had to combat them one by one with the stupid Thalheimer. Espionage had proved worthless. Graudenz and himself had followed her on a dozen trips. She saw no one, spoke to no one, drove with apparent aimlessness about the city, and led them nowhere.

The count recalled, as he read, the feeling of disquietude which had slowly come to him. Something ominous and intangible was gathering about his delicate head. His own work was simple. He was carefully and cunningly rebuilding the fallen empire. Under his skillful planning, one by one, the old colonels, captains, and even generals of the Ludendorff forces were reentering the new republican army. In the meantime the work of keeping the "red menace" alive for the purpose of harassing the minds of the men engaged upon the treaty at Versailles was another phase of his activities.

As a climax to an argument among the allied leaders reported to him by one of his couriers, Von Stenka had precipitated the "Dusseldorf revolt." Dusseldorf had gone "red." Other centers followed. Lenin's threatened invasion of Europe was in the balance. And the new Germany stood as a barrier between chaos and civilization. "Strip us of our army," the press thundered, "and we fall into bolshevism." And the army which Von Stenka was working to restore was the unit which would on a later day be used in recovering the government for the junkers and the capitalists and striking once more——

THESE things lay in Von Stenka's head without confusion. The endless intrigue of which he was the parent source, the seemingly paradoxical operations he was conducting among the dozen opposed political camps, were as clear in his mind as carefully memorized chess moves.

The entries in his book began to itemize and catalogue the evidences of the "third communistic plot." Von Stenka nodded with a faint smile as he read. A bit childish, but diaries were meant to be read and codes to be deciphered. He had, therefore, made serious and "secret" notations of the famous Kora Thalheimer conspiracy. Each bit of evidence he had carefully forged or prepared was solemnly set down with assumed indignation and cunning.

Von Stenka grew thoughtful. The details which followed were the vital ones:

"Execution ordered to take place on Friday in Moabit. The Fatherland is again saved."

And after that—the murder.

"Kora's friends have acted quickly."

And then another entry:

"Someone entered my room last night, despite Graudenz, who sleeps on the other side of

It was Von Stenka who had ordered Kora's arrest . . . Kora, a vicious, murdering creature, as unprincipled as Satan.

the locked door, and pinned a note to my pillow, saying, 'E. S.: Change your mind before Friday.'"

A curious business! Von Stenka sighed. How had the creature with the note entered his bedroom? Perhaps he had been hidden away in the room. If so, how had he left the room? A very clever person, this note writer. It was too bad, in a way. He could be of use.

Suddenly Von Stenka's wandering thoughts came to a halt. His eyes were staring at a final entry. It was, apparently, in his own handwriting and in his own code, and read:

"E. S.: You will change your mind before Friday. The time grows less."

Von Stenka raised his eyes and looked slowly about the room. He had left the room an hour before and had written in his notebook before leaving. This final sentence had not been there when he had closed the book.

He rose and walked to the door. Opening it, he peered into the bright corridor. The guard was at the other end.

"Come here!" he called to the guard.

The soldier approached and saluted.

"There was no one here since I left?"

"No, my count, only I."

"You were not called away for a moment? Think."

"No, I have been here right along."

Von Stenka studied the man quietly. His hand entered the pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed on a short muzzled revolver.

"Go tell your captain I wish to see him. And come back with him. Hurry."

The soldier saluted and walked off.

Count Eitel waited without moving. His manner had changed. The amiable, foppish air he wore was gone. His fragile body was stiffened and the brown, womanish eyes were half closed.

"Fool," he murmured to himself. "I have been behaving like an amateur!"

His thoughts continued behind the wary mask of his face. He, Von Stenka, the ludicrous catspaw of a plot! He whose strange soul had woven so many webs about the feet and brains of others—he who was the "Unknown One," the mysterious omniscience behind the kidnapings, treacheries, assassinations, and other enigmatic diversions which had illumined the postwar politics of the republic! And now somebody was playing with him, pinning notes to his pillow, scribbling warnings in his diary, sending messages to him in the dead hand of a slain sentry.

HE had been underestimating the significance of Kora. There was only one explanation. The government buildings were honeycombed with her colleagues. They were in the corridors, under his nose, sitting in the councils already. But why this maniacal insistence that she be pardoned before Friday?

Von Stenka's face was frowning.

"It is too illogical," he muttered, "for them to risk so much for a woman's life. Politics does not resort to such Galahadism. Then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The TIME—Midnight
The PLACE— The apartment of a bachelor dramatist in New York. And there is, of course, a girl! That she happens to be resolved to achieve a career at any cost merely adds piquancy to the highly unusual plot which runs through Charles Collins' latest short story of Broadway, entitled *One of Our Daughters*. With a score of equally good features, it will appear in our next issue!

Watch for It!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

it must be love—a lover. Hm! We shall see."

The count became expressionless, staring into the corridor. The soldier was returning at the heels of his officer.

"Captain Bauer, you know this man?"

Von Stenka pointed to the sentry.

"Yes, he is Karl Weinig."

The officer concealed his surprise behind a stiffened manner.

"How long has he been in service?"

"Since the government was formed; three months."

"And you know him well. Look at him. You are sure he is the same Karl Weinig?"

Captain Bauer turned to the surprised looking guard.

"Yes, my count," he answered after a scrutiny.

"Pardon me, then," Von Stenka smiled. "I desire, nevertheless, a change of guards. There must be five guards in this corridor. Select your most trusted men, those you have known the longest. And bring them here yourself within an hour. And kindly ask Colonel Dahmal to accompany you."

Von Stenka inclined his head in dismissal.

"Bring the men here as soon as you can," he added.

"Immediately." Captain Bauer saluted. Von Stenka's eyes lighted. Turning into the corridor was the bulky, wide striding figure of the giant Graudenz. The officer and guard walked away.

"I had begun to worry," murmured Von Stenka, as his friend followed him into the room. Graudenz seated himself silently, leaning back in his chair and extending his great hands, palms downward, on the table. He was a powerful looking man, a veritable Barbarossan guard, dressed in the gray-blue uniform of an artillery captain. An air of courage and heavy craft marked his face.

BEFORE the figure of the little count Captain Graudenz underwent a change. His domineering swagger vanished, his authoritative and intimidating features relaxed. Even his closely cropped Prussian head appeared to grow more human.

"We are in trouble," the captain said, slowly.

"And when, my dear Adolph, have we not been in trouble?" Von Stenka smiled.

"With fools, yes." The big one shook his head. "That has been sport—ha!"

He paused, stared at the count, and muttered:

"Death is of no consequence."

"Excellent, dear Adolph. You speak the one philosophy needed to become a great man," Von Stenka said. "To fear neither God nor the devil is to spend one's years laughing at man. But what news have we?"

"Only that we are in trouble, Eitel. And I think a good thing would be to wash our hands of this business."

"Mme. Kora's execution, eh?"

"I have had a talk with her employer."

Von Stenka opened his eyes excitedly.

"Thank God! At last! So our mystery solves itself. Hm! Come, you sit like a barrel head. What did you do with him? Where is he?"

"The devil knows," Graudenz answered with irritation. "I will tell you the whole thing as it happened. I heard from the police general this morning that they had discovered what he calls a clew. So I hurried over to talk to him. He told me very little. Kora, he has found out, was once the sweetheart of an astounding creature. A man with a hundred different names. His aliases read like the telephone directory. And his crimes—God in heaven, Eitel, if half of what the police have on the record is true, this creature is the devil himself. She used to dance—Kora, that is—in the Gambrinus Cabaret at the time. And from there she went to Vienna, and the man, too. But after that the man vanishes."

"BUT you have *seen* him?" Von Stenka interrupted.

"Wait, wait," Graudenz continued, his heavy timbred voice growing in volume. "What happened to me is unknown in the history of the world. I tell you, Eitel, it is this man, this fiend who is behind it. And . . . and I have spoken to him. Of that I am convinced. I have sat in a cab with him and spoken to him."

"Come, wake up," Von Stenka interrupted again. "What sort of nonsense is this? Are you frightened? Ah, little Adolph is frightened!"

Graudenz expanded his huge chest.

"Am I one to be frightened?" he bellowed suddenly, his face reddening. "You have seen me, have you not, break two men with my hands? You have seen me take the machine guns away from the sailors at the Schloss? Tell me, haven't I done these things? Is there any man I fear?"

The giant had risen and was towering, an apoplectic rage in his eyes, over the fragile count.

"Yes, my Herculean comrade. And now what happened to you in the cab?"

"I am riding in a cab," Graudenz continued with excitement. "I have just left the general of police. And suddenly, believe me or not, I realize there is a man sitting beside me. In my cab. An old man, white bearded and wrinkled.

"'What does this mean?' I bellow at him. 'What are you doing here?'

"And then I feel my arm being crushed! Yes, Eitel, *crushed*, I tell you! Such a grip never was in the world to crush my arm as if it were a child's arm!"

Graudenz thrust out his massive forearm and pulled up the sleeve of his uniform and said:

"Look! Here since this morning they have remained, the marks of his fingers. Through the skin, through the flesh. God in heaven! They bit like claws at the bone."

Von Stenka stared at the arm almost as large as his own body.

"And you did nothing?" he murmured.

Graudenz strode angrily up and down the room before replying.

"Why should I not tell you?" he burst forth. "You know me, Eitel. You have seen me lift a man up by his hair and shake him till his neck broke."

"Please, Adolph! Your gory past is not under discussion. What happened?"

The note of command in the count's voice brought the bewildered giant to a stand.

"I will tell you," he exclaimed. "This old man whose fingers were crushing my arm sat beside me and said, 'If you move or raise your voice, my good Captain Graudenz, I will break your arm off at the elbow and throw it into the street. Otherwise no harm will come to you.'"

"And you did nothing?" purred Von Stenka. "You sat there, obedient?"

"My head swam," replied Graudenz. "I thought I was mad. But to move—it was out of the question. My arm was paralyzed. Numb as if it had died."

GRAUDENZ' fingers had closed about a porcelain tobacco jar on the table. There was a sudden report and the jar broke into fragments.

"Your arm is better now," Von Stenka smiled maliciously. "And I will save you the shame of having to recite the remainder of your adventure, Adolph. Your companion in the cab was aware that you had been to the police headquarters. Yes, he was even aware of everything the general had told you. And he gave you a message to give me! '*Tell that little one,*' he said, '*that he has till Friday to change his mind. That if he doesn't secure the pardon of Mme. Kora Thalheimer before Friday Count Eitel von Stenka is doomed.*'"

"You know!" Graudenz looked at his friend open mouthed.

"Yes, I begin to understand," Von Stenka smiled. "Our enemy is in love with Kora. It was this white bearded creature who engineered her marriage. But when his little plot failed as a result of her arrest he abandoned his political ambitions. He wants her *life* now! Nothing else. And he has curious forces at his command. Creatures under his sway—more mysterious than even I, Adolph."

"But how do you know what he said?"

"Because," Von Stenka sighed, "evil is always logical. This creature who desires Kora freed knows that I alone have the power to set aside the order of the court martial. So my life, which he could already three times have had, has been spared me. Instead he launches his campaign of intimidation."

"You will not release her, Eitel?"

Von Stenka arose and a pleasant smile came into his eyes.

"We will play the game through," he said. "Kora is of no importance. This mysterious one who heads the organization for which she worked is game worthy of our talents. Tell me, how did he get away?"

"From the cab?" Graudenz asked. "I don't know. He appeared and disappeared and that was all. I returned immediately to the police headquarters. There are a dozen looking for him now. The general is convinced it is the same one—the man who was known as Captain Wolff, Dr. Adrian, and by a hundred other names some years ago."

"Hm!" Von Stenka answered, "I recall him. He had the nickname of Aladdin in Moscow. A creature half myth."

He paused and his calm eyes centered on a

"It is not every man, my dear Otto, who enjoys the privilege of having his wife officially executed."

tall white cabinet at the end of the room.

"Somebody has tampered with that door," said the count softly. Graudenz wheeled and stared at the huge piece of furniture.

"There are scratches around the lock," Von Stenka continued. "And the bottom of the door bulges a bit, as if some one were pressing against it."

As he spoke he drew the short muzzled revolver from his pocket.

"Open it, Adolph."

Graudenz moved quickly across the room.

"Here, the key," Von Stenka called, tossing it to him. "Don't break it. I am fond of the cabinet." As he spoke he lifted the telephone from its hook. "Military quarters," he called. "Quick! Von Stenka speaking."

Graudenz was fumbling with the lock.

"Hello. Colonel Dahmal?" the count spoke sharply. "Come to my apartments at once. And bring with you the guard, Karl Weinig. Be careful. Yes, something important. You will need a half dozen men to secure him."

"Ah!" Graudenz' voice arose. The door had leaped open and the body of a man sprawled headlong out of the cabinet. Von Stenka replaced the telephone.

"The guard, Karl Weinig, is it not?" he murmured.

"His neck is broken," Graudenz answered as he knelt before the dead man. "Yes, it is the guard!"

Next week's installment will tell of further terrors caused by the mysterious powers resolved to save Kora from death.

"All Aboard for Reno!" Used to Be the Battle-cry of Married Folks at War, But Now It Is "All Aboard for Paris"—or Yucatan! You've Got to Live in Reno Six Months; in Paris It's Only Twenty Minutes.

The judge first asks them if they won't try to live together again.

SHORT CUTS *to* DIVORCE

By BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

WHEN a person wants a divorce and seriously considers how to get one, he will find that divorces have to be looked for much as a person looks for a new winter overcoat. That is to say, in certain places divorces can be obtained more cheaply than in other places—better ones, at that; less disagreeable, less scandalous, and cleaner cut.

There have been a number of popular divorce centers in this country. South Dakota was at one time a favorite place for divorce seekers. Then, in 1900, an English earl got a divorce in Reno, Nevada, which drew attention to the advantages of that State as a divorce center.

In 1914 Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay were divorced in Paris. And ever since French divorces have been increasingly popular, especially among rich and fashionable Americans who can afford the most agreeable divorces in the world, who can afford even two divorces in a lifetime, and who can pay for speed.

As the cost of divorces is an interesting and sometimes a useful thing to know, the writer consulted Max D. Steuer about it. Mr. Steuer's fee for the retrial of the Stokes divorce was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it was paid in advance. So it is apparent that he is qualified to speak on this subject.

Mr. Steuer is under middle age, a compact middle-sized man so well dressed as to seem burnished; his hair smooth and shining, his double-breasted blue serge coat completely buttoned and in perfect order. He has a sharp nose and amazingly brilliant brown eyes with hard, rounding surfaces, stony and jewel-like, but clear and glowing at the same time.

Mr. Steuer speaks in short sentences, often of only three or four words. His voice is even and agreeable and quiet. It does not see-saw up and down. All words are equally emphasized. And he uses the simplest words; never a legal term.

The fact that he is so easy to listen to accounts for much of Mr. Steuer's success with juries. When he talks to the twelve good men and true in his quiet voice, with remarkable lucidity, it becomes, they say, a sheer pleasure to hear his presentation of his side of the case. His meaning passes through the thickest head and into the most addled brain.

"The cost of divorce varies," Mr. Steuer said. "A lawyer charges a millionaire a great deal. He charges a less rich man less. He

charges a friend nothing, perhaps. Divorces which are not contested by either the husband or the wife are cheaper than divorces which are contested. And divorces in some places are more expensive than divorces in other places."

"WHY do people go to Paris instead of to Reno?"

"A man must live in Reno six months before he can apply for a divorce. A man needs to live in Paris only twenty minutes," Mr. Steuer answered.

The routine of getting a French divorce is like this: A lady goes to Paris. She hires a French lawyer. He tells her to rent an apartment. The lady, having unpacked, immediately makes out a certificate stating that she intends to live in France. This is signed by her *concierge* (janitor) at the local police station. With this certificate of residence, the lady, with her French lawyer, goes to a judge and says she wants a divorce. The judge asks the reason. She says because her husband refuses to let her live with him under the same roof.

The judge then orders a notice to be sent to her husband asking him to appear in court, and, if the husband wants a lightning divorce as much as his wife, he will be conveniently at hand and will appear before the judge a fortnight later. The lady will appear also, on the arm of her French lawyer.

Then the judge will talk, first to the husband, then to the wife, in absolute privacy. He asks them if they won't please try to live together again. The husband says he will not; that existence in the same house with his wife is too disagreeable to be endured. The judge does not argue about it. This interview takes only three minutes.

AFTER this perfunctory conciliation attempt a month or two elapses. Then the case is brought to court by a French lawyer and pleaded, and the divorce is granted.

If, on the other hand, the husband cannot be in Paris to answer the summons, advised by a lawyer who knows the French divorce laws, he writes his wife two or three letters, dated over a period of a year or so, like this:

> Dear Mary: I cannot understand why you keep insisting upon trying to make me change my mind. I have always been unhappy with you, and now that I am separated from you I am experiencing a little peace for the first time in many, many years. My only wish is to forget you, and you are just making a fool of yourself by not accepting the fact. The only pleasant thing you can do for me is to let me alone. But you persist in making me unhappy with your irritating pleas for our reunion. Once and for all, I never want to see your ugly face again.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> EDWARD.

The lady shows the judge these letters. He accepts them as proof that her husband cannot be persuaded to live with her again, and gives her a divorce.

"So," said Mr. Steuer, "there are several advantages to a French divorce. First, they are quick. Second, it is not necessary for a woman to prove her husband has broken his marital vows, or that he is a drunkard or a loafer, which any woman with sensibilities is loath to do. She doesn't like him—that is sufficient. Third, there is no publicity, as the French law forbids the publication of divorce news except the bare announcement."

Recently several restrictions have been imposed by the French Minister of Justice in addition to the above procedure. The new ruling provides that Americans may be granted divorces only for reasons which would justify a divorce under the laws of the State in which the plaintiff made his home. To that effect the American seeking a divorce in Paris must provide a document from his home State showing that the grounds on which the decree is asked are considered legal grounds in that State.

Legal experts in Paris say the new ruling will not materially affect the divorce situation there; that it will hedge such actions with more but not insurmountable restrictions.

AS for the cost of French divorces, although for rich persons they are sometimes more expensive than Reno divorces, considering their painlessness and their speed, they are a much better bargain. And they are much less expensive (not to say infinitely less disagreeable) than divorces in this country, especially in the State of New York.

The record for the quickest divorce up to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In Yucatan there is a new and liberal divorce law . . . foreigners can establish a residence there in one month.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

date is held by Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. She got her decree six weeks after she applied for it. Although her lawyer's fee is not definitely known, it is reported that it was about five thousand dollars.

Compare that with the legal fee in a New York divorce. In New York a first rate conservative lawyer who is a member of a firm of good standing will charge a very wealthy person a fee of ten thousand dollars. And Mrs. Gould got her easiest and smoothest and mildest of divorces for probably half that sum!

I TALKED to three persons who have had French divorces—a rich woman and a business man and a young woman with very little money. The rich woman said her divorce cost four thousand five hundred dollars and took three months. This outlay included her round trip steamship fare to France. Her living expenses in Paris she did not count, because they were less than they would have been had she been living in New York for those three months.

The business man, whose salary is seventeen thousand dollars a year, was asked the cost of his Paris divorce.

"Legal fees and court costs, not more than two thousand five hundred dollars," he said. "Add to this the round trip to Paris for myself and my former wife. That brings it to a little over three thousand five hundred dollars."

He was, however, more patient than the very rich woman, being willing to wait eight months for his decree.

The writer then questioned the young woman with very little money about the cost of her French divorce. Very reasonable. Steamship and railroad fare to Paris, second class, one hundred and eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. French lawyer, one hundred dollars. Court costs and extras, about fifty dollars. This made a total of three hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents. It is true that nearly a year had passed before her decree was granted to her.

"Of course, Paris divorces are only for people who can settle between themselves amicably the questions of alimony and who shall have the children," said Mr. Steuer. "If there is to be any row over these matters, the only place to get a divorce is in one's own State. The French courts cannot send officers to America to extract alimony from a man who has forgotten to pay it."

ALTHOUGH Paris is now more talked about than Reno as a good place to get a divorce, Reno still is doing a tremendous amount of divorce business. The State of Nevada continues to have marked advantages over the rest of the country in this respect. Reno has about thirteen thousand inhabitants. There are in this small town always from four hundred to eight hundred persons who are there for the sole purpose of getting divorces.

The first great advantage to getting a divorce in Nevada is that one has to live there only six months to establish a legal residence. In most States two years is necessary. The second advantage is that the judges are liberal in their interpretation of the laws. For example, cruelty is a ground for divorce there (as in most States). But in Reno it is made to stretch from the infliction of black eyes to the wear and tear on the nervous system of a person who does not like his or her mate. In one case the refusal of a man to give his wife an automobile was interpreted as extreme cruelty.

The third advantage to a Nevada divorce is that it is always absolute. There are no penalties attached to the decree, to the effect that the man and woman who have been freed from each other cannot marry again for a couple of years and perhaps never.

As for the cost of Reno divorces, the railroad fare from New York (and New York is mentioned because, of all places, it is the place to get out of if you want a divorce) is one hundred and forty-two dollars and eight cents. First class Reno lawyers will charge an ordinary citizen two hundred dollars. A millionaire who cannot conceal the fact might be charged one thousand dollars or more. On the other hand, a very young lawyer, or a lawyer who has no work to do, would be pleased to take a case for fifty dollars. The court costs will be thirty or forty dollars. A landlord will usually testify to the six months' residence for five dollars.

One young woman told the writer that, after surveying the entire divorce field, she decided Reno was the best place for her. She has a two year old child and very little money. She said she was able to rent a comfortable apartment for forty dollars a month, and she obtained a clerical job in a lawyer's office. Five hundred dollars, at the most, was the cost of her divorce.

PROBABLY one reason why Paris has superseded Reno as a divorce Mecca for the rich and prominent is that Mary Pickford, in divorcing Owen Moore, got "stung" so badly in Nevada. There is no doubt about it that American district attorneys are apt to be inquisitive about the divorces of very prominent persons, either because there is publicity in it for themselves, or because they consider it harmful to the public when a well known person can do something which obscure people are permitted to do all the time.

Anyway, Mary Pickford became entangled in an awful legal mess. She lived in Nevada for six months, thereby establishing a legal residence. Then she applied for a divorce. That was the first of March, 1920. It was Monday. On Tuesday she sat in the witness chair for half an hour. Before Sunday she had received her divorce. While leaving the courtroom she was heard to murmur:

"Begun on Monday, ended on Tuesday," etc.

Then Mary made her great mistake. She left Nevada the next day. The Nevada district attorney set up a roar. He said Mary had gone to Nevada simply for the purpose of getting a divorce and that she had not really intended to live there. He said it looked very peculiar to him that Owen Moore—Mary's husband—should have happened just by accident to be looking at some mines in Douglas County, Nevada, on the very day when his appearance in a court of Douglas County would give Mary a quick divorce. So the district attorney tried to have Mary's divorce annulled. She had to fight the proceedings. As she had married Douglas Fairbanks three weeks after her divorce, for a time it appeared as if Miss Pickford were in the position of having two husbands. There were months of litigation and then a retrial. And, although Mary won, it is said to have cost her forty thousand dollars.

BUT the divorces that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and even millions, are the divorces of millionaires in the State of New York—those great legal battles where husband and wife each tries to divorce the other first—wife trying to extract a tremendous alimony from husband, husband trying to prove her guilty, so he won't have to pay so much.

In the Stokes divorce the grand total spent by Mr. and Mrs. Stokes is said to have been one million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. There were half a dozen lawyers on each side, with fees ranging from a mere thirty-five thousand dollars to Max Steuer's quarter of a million. Eighty thousand dollars went to detectives and investigators. There were entertaining items, such as a limousine for Mrs. Hattie Johnson; confidential aid, two thousand five hundred dollars; and endowment for Mrs. Hattie Johnson's Spiritualist Church, ten thousand dollars.

WITNESSES were brought from all over the country. Their expenses amounted to thirty-five thousand dollars. There was a first divorce trial and then a second. There were appeals from decisions adverse to Stokes almost without end.

But what makes a New York divorce so expensive is the sad fact that in that most sophisticated, broad-minded State in the Union there is, strange to say, only one ground for divorce—adultery. This makes necessary the sordid and costly business of hiring detectives. The service of a detective costs fifteen dollars and even more a day. But one isn't enough. When a man who is about to be divorced lives in a large New York City hotel, in order to shadow him, his wife must hire a detective (or operative, as they call themselves) to stand at every door of the hostelry. This means six or more detectives. Then there are the taxi and railroad fares of this little band to be paid. Then, at night, a new shift of detectives goes on watch.

Sometimes, in New York, a man will chivalrously help his wife to get the evidence she must have to divorce him. This, be it known, is collusion, and is a crime. No reputable lawyer will consent to it. And, if discovered, there is a chance that the couple who are guilty of it will be condemned to live together for life. Nevertheless, it has been resorted to, with the following procedure: The husband hires a woman to go to a hotel with him on a certain date and "tips off" his wife to the fact. She hires detectives to break into the room and bear witness to the fact that her husband was in a hotel bedroom with a woman not his wife.

But one man who had helped his wife in this fashion, and who, like Mary Pickford, was unfortunate in being very rich and prominent, told the writer that the pseudo-corespondent he had hired for the occasion came around afterward and blackmailed him. He gave her a thousand dollars. More expense!

IN the State of Yucatan, Mexico, there is a new and very liberal divorce law. Foreigners can establish a legal residence there in one month. Then a divorce can be applied for. There are two kinds—divorce where both husband and wife want it; divorce where only one of them wants it. The first kind can be had upon application. The second can be had also, but after one month's effort at reconciliation.

Mr. Steuer was asked if Americans could go to Yucatan and get divorces, and if Yucatan divorces would be legal here.

"Just as good as any, if Mexico continues to be recognized," he replied. "And people probably will be going there when they learn of it."

So, for the benefit of those who wish to know about the divorce market, the writer looked up Yucatan. Merida is its capital. It has sixty-three thousand people. It takes only six days to get there by boat from New York. The steamship fare, first class, is one hundred and twenty dollars. The Mexican consul in New York says it costs a shade less to live in Merida than in New York City. So, if economy is a consideration, Yucatan is the place.

THE END

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow Citizens: Meet New York's After-Dinner Aces---Will Rogers, Irvin Cobb, and "Bugs" Baer, Entertainers Extraordinary to the Overfed Banqueteer and Pioneers in a New Profession!

Picture by
RALPH BARTON

"Old Irv" Cobb insists upon maintaining at least his semi-professional status as an after-dinner speaker.

Making AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING PAY!

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is my great pleasure to come before you this evening to address you on that vitally interesting and entertaining subject, the reduction of the hyperelliptical ellipse to the ninth equation, considering its effect upon the modern world in association with the theory of Professor Einstein."

The Brotherhood of Paint and Varnish Manufacturing Chemists' Assistants, gathered around the banquet tables, applauds, claps hands, and the four fellows nearest the man with a flask on his hip start "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and inquire "What's the matter with Jones?" (if that be the speaker's name) and then assure a waiting world that Jones is all right.

Having done that, everyone assumes an attitude and after ten minutes of hyperelliptical ellipses Smith whispers to Brown, "My Gawd—and we PAY that bird to talk to us!"

For after-dinner speaking is one of the newest of the learned professions, and no modern banquet is considered complete unless some lion is corraled to deliver an address. And lions who have achieved fame, notoriety, or have acquired publicity through their own efforts are in great demand—so great that big prices are paid them to appear in person and speak to banqueters. One can acquire a scientist for a hundred dollars a banquet, an explorer for little more, a visiting foreigner for the price of the plate, a politician for nothing, and a real entertainer for a check which is supposed to pay for his time.

For the person who really can entertain, and who can guarantee not to bore banquet guests, is a rarity and worth the price, according to hardened old diners. One who can entertain, amuse, and instruct painlessly is in the grand opera class of after-dinner speakers and can command his own price.

THE headliners in this new amusement departure are Will Rogers, the cowboy-comedian-writer, and Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, whose skill at distorting the English language so as to make it mean things that the dictionary says it does not, has amazed scholars, irritated professors, and would have made Noah Webster wonder whether he knew what he was doing when he wrote a dictionary. His daily comments are published in newspapers all over the United States.

"The saddest thing about this work," Bugs confessed in a moment of semi-seriousness, "is that I used to wander around Baltimore and Washington with a $200 appetite and a Horn and Hardart bank roll, and now I get paid to attend banquets where the board and the boarders both groan just after the doctors have issued a ukase against food until I recover from a hurt suffered in playing handball."

Paying these men to eat costly dinners and to associate with notable persons may sound easy. The payment, of course, is to recompense them for loss of time from other work. Rogers cannot well afford to give up his movie work, his monologue act in theaters, to speak at a dinner. Still, he can make movies all morning, do a matinée and evening monologue at a theater, and still sandwich in an after-dinner speech. If the time comes when after-breakfast and after-luncheon speaking is a custom, Rogers can work all the time—and, since he talks in his sleep, should become immensely rich.

Rogers is the highest paid of the speakers in the New York district and in such demand that if he chose he could speak at two or three dinners an evening every night in the year. His speech is an adaptation of his current events monologue, applied to the company in which he is thrown, and comment on the news developments of the day he thinks will interest his hearers.

The fact that he usually jabs them on the weak spots and has an unerring faculty of observing these delicate and exposed places adds

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

tremendously to his popularity. It is a peculiar thing that men and women will laugh hardest at their own weaknesses, when others are included with them, and resent it actively if the criticism becomes personal. Ten boneheads will laugh heartily if they are called boneheads as a group, while any one of them will fight if he is called the same as an individual.

Rogers is paid as high as five hundred dollars an evening to attend banquets and make a speech.

Baer, who has developed into one of the most popular of the after-dinner talkers around New York because of his picturesque way of presenting a thought, is paid from two hundred dollars up and has the most fun when he speaks for nothing in a group in which he knows the people and can hit them on their sore spots.

Baer's appeal to any assemblage, regardless of the height of brow, is instantaneous and startling, for under his quaint, weird phrases is a depth of power of observation, a quick revealment of a weakness or frailty of us all, that surprises. It is impossible to appreciate Bugs without hearing him, but the following direct quotations from an impromptu talk give an idea of his style and of his keen philosophy:

"The greatest after dinner speech ever made was 'Bring me the check.'

"That is why a modern after-dinner speaker is so contented after dinner. He knows that, although there are sixty-five different waiters in the freshly decorated banquet hall, none of them will bother him.

"So he speaks freely, knowing that none of his morose remarks will be interpreted as a request for the compilation of the bad news. Knowing that the best they will get is the worst of it, the baffled waiters applaud his wise cracks with rattling dishes, and punctuate his remarks with dropped cutlery.

"After-dinner speaking is an eternal struggle between speakers and waiters and no matter how good a speaker is, a waiter can always smother him with the crash of a bouncing tray of hollow oyster shells and vibrating soup tureens.

"Any toastmaster who knows his business will request all waiters to leave the room before the speakers start spilling their oratory in a steady stream like milk from the contented cow. Any waiter who knows his business will be glad of the opportunity to escape. It is only courtesy that keeps the guests seated through six or seven hours of laryngeal dribbling and oral attrition.

"All after-dinner speakers belong to that hip-and-elbow school of oratory that mistakes a gesture for an idea and a loud voice for a subject. They are there to eulogize the guest of honor and they do it though the heavens fall and the ceilings crack. Cæsar, thus praised, might as well be buried.

"When speaking, it is usual to rise to your feet and take an ambushed look at your audience through a hedge of celery. Clear the throat seven or eight times and then turn to the toastmaster with a smile on the side of the face that is nearest him.

"It is usual to start, 'Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen—and others inclined that way——'

"If that doesn't prove to be the end of your speech, you continue, 'Ladies, I hope——'

"If you are still speaking, you add, 'Gentlemen, if possible——'

"And if that doesn't bring on the barrage, you supplement the silence with, 'Friends, if any——'

"You are now ready either to launch your speech or to claim your hat and coat. Because, by this time, there is a chill on the room that would nickel-plate an iceberg.

"You consolidate this frost with your following remarks and finally validate it with the final statement that you are happy to have been here this evening and sit down to the ripple of applause that sounds like the beating of cold coffee on a rockbound mustache cup.

"Then it is your turn to listen to the other after-dinner speakers. Because he who lives by the word shall perish by the word. Hell hath no furies like one speaker listening to another speaker, with an expression on his face that designates that he, too, knows what it is to be a mother."

IRVIN COBB is perhaps the third of the "Big Three" of the after-dinner speakers now reigning in New York, but the famous "Old Irv" insists upon maintaining at least his semi-professional status as a speaker. He insists that he cannot afford to take time to attend the many dinners to which he is dragged, for nothing, and that, if he took money for speaking, he would feel guilty of obtaining it under false pretenses.

Cobb is one of the few after-dinner speakers since the era of Chauncey M. Depew and Simeon Ford who can keep a crowd awake after a heavy dinner, and he is at his best at table, because, no matter what the company, he fits in, and feels at home with them. Cobb has the happy faculty of making everyone in every gathering think that he is "just folks" and that he enjoys being with them. The secret of his ability to make them feel that way is easy: he does enjoy being with them, and his refusal to commercialize after-dinner speaking perhaps is because he fears he would spoil this enjoyment.

Everyone who has attended a banquet will sympathize with the fellow who sat next to a toastmaster who made an oration in introducing each speaker. The man fell asleep, and presently his snores attracted the attention of the toastmaster, who indignantly raised his gavel and smote the sleeper on the head.

The sleeper roused himself and murmured: "Hit me again, I can still hear him."

These fellows who make a business of after-dinner speaking have an important precedent. Enrico Caruso used to do the same thing, and like Little Tommy Tucker, sang for his supper.

Soon after Caruso came to the United States he discovered down on the lower East Side in New York an Italian restaurant, the cook of which prepared ravioli and spaghetti just to his taste. He paid for a few meals, and one evening, when the orchestra started he was feeling so good he started to sing. After that he sang every evening. The proprietor, dazzled by his voice, refused to accept payment. Caruso ate without charge. The news spread; news of a wonderful new singer who sang every evening in the little restaurant. The place was packed—and the proprietor jumped the price from seventy-five cents to three dollars for the dinner. This continued for a long time—then the Metropolitan Opera management heard of it—and Caruso paid for his dinner and sang no more. But the fame of his singing made that restaurant prosperous, and even today people go there, perhaps hoping to hear the echo of that golden voice.

In America we have not yet reached the stage that the English have, nor have we any of the professional toastmasters that are used in London functions; dignitaries who, for a pound an evening, will add their impressive presence to the gathering and introduce the speakers properly.

In the United States, however, we have a number of what might be called semi-pro toastmasters who, because of their remarkable ability to stage-manage banquets and add a George M. Cohan touch even to the dullest of functions, are in constant demand.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, former Senator from Illinois, is one of the greatest of these. Mr. Lewis once was called upon to preside over a banquet given in honor of the World's Champion Chicago Cubs. He had been busy with politics, knew nothing of the situation, and little of baseball. He made a half hour call on a baseball writer, and an hour later arose, introduced each player by his nickname, told an appropriate anecdote about each, and left everyone with the impression that he was world's champion toastmaster.

The task of toastmaster and after-dinner speaker has become harder and harder, largely because of Mr. Volstead's law. What passes for humor at damp banquets sounds sad and dreary to a "dry crowd," and even after the hip flasks have circulated the work is harder now than it was. There are spots, though, where the day's task is lightened considerably. As Bugs Baer remarked to one crowd: "Your bootlegger has committed an unpardonable gin." Said that and lived through it.

There is another type of after dinner speaker: the purposeful one. Nowadays many gatherings at banquets are arranged in order that a speaker of note may expound some doctrine or sound the keynote of some policy. That kind of after-dinner speaking is useful, although just why half a dozen men who cannot talk and have nothing to say are called upon after an ordinary dinner no one seems to know.

The relief from that type is found in the professional speaker, who furnishes amusement and entertainment, and earns his money, if only by keeping the amateurs from talking.

THE END

IF YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS—

You'll be interested in Gus Smith, the hero of Frank Condon's short story, *Bugs*, in next week's issue of Liberty. Gus had an idea that the life of Reilly consisted of chasing butterflies the livelong day. But his grandfather's ghost had other notions. You'll find the story most amusing.

Watch for BUGS,
By FRANK CONDON

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FRANK CONDON

The BOSS *Ain't No* MATINEE IDOL

An Article
By *DOROTHY PARKER*

The Big Consolation to the Home Folks, When Bessie Goes to Work, Is That Her Employer Will Promptly Fall In Love with Her.

Picture by F. VAUX WILSON

AS my dear old grandmother, who used to keep whole rooms full of people in perfect gales of laughter with her rogueries, so often said, it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

It seems as if I could hear her now.

"My dear," she would say to me, for Grandma, though she never forgot a face, couldn't remember a name to save her life, "as you grow older always bear in mind it takes all sorts of people to make a world. When you get to be my age you will look back and find that it is the only reasonable explanation for practically everyone with whom you have come in contact. And now run back to nursie," she would finish, smoothing my hair with her fragile Dresden china hand, "and tell her not to put quite so much vermouth in the next one."

And the words of that little silver haired lady never come back to me quite so vividly as they do when I hear people moaning over the fact that their niece, or their cousin's second girl, or the daughter of the woman who lives across the hall, has started in going to business—and she such a sweet, pretty girl, too.

I can remember as if it were yesterday—and, in fact, it *was* yesterday—how the home bodies worked themselves into quite a nasty state of nerves at the idea of some sweet young thing being in business.

"But surely," you will say—that is, you will if you want to be any kind of friend and help me along with this article—"surely such an attitude is entirely a thing of the past. Women have been an essential part of the business world for so many years, at the least, that certainly everybody takes the matter for granted, and looks around for something else to suffer about."

Well, it's hard to have to shatter that pretty faith of yours, but you were seldom more mistaken in your life. There are still those, and plenty of them, who look upon Bessie's going down to that great big office every day as a distinctly ugly blow at the family honor.

AND why, I ask you for the sake of the rhetorical effect, is there so much mourning over Bessie's crash into industry? Is it that she is going to spoil her hands with typing and filing, or tire herself all out riding in the subway twice a day, or miss Delia's good home cooking at the lunch hour, or lose out on her chances for a friendly game of mah jongg of an afternoon?

No, the one big reason is none of these. It is—and I point with pride to the distance we have come in this piece before we got to the sex interest—that there is a curious old superstition that the moment Bessie starts in on a business career she might just as well take the veil.

One never can trace where these things originate, but for years and years a persistent rumor has been going the rounds of the home folks that the girl who goes to business automatically cuts herself off from chances of matrimony.

I wouldn't for the world want to get into any argument with the home bodies; I only want to say, in a mild voice, that they are all wrong.

I don't say the business girl marries as early or as eagerly as the young lady who stays at home sewing filet lace on camisoles and waiting for the telephone to ring. Of course, there are always those girls who will marry the first applicant, just to get out of working, which is a good joke on them; but they are surely an almost imperceptible minority. The average fairly successful business girl, interested in her work, yet not fanatic about it, doesn't go about things that way. She will let the first few offers drift by with a kind word and a smile of thanks if they are not quite the things she has had in mind.

FOR, after she has been working awhile, it comes to her like a bolt from the blue, which is an expression some of us writer folk have clubbed together and got up, that she is really stringing along rather nicely, and it will have to be someone pretty special that causes any change in her arrangements. Things look different to her than they did when she was sitting home crocheting Christmas presents, and it sweeps over her that even if she isn't wedded by the time she is twenty-five, business will probably go on as usual and there is every reason to believe the big railroads will continue to run on schedule.

But, though she is quite willing to wait until something pretty snappy in the matrimonial line comes along, she never puts the orange blossom idea out of her head. It's right there, just waiting for her to get around to it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Refresh Yourself

These warm summer days, there is no more restful and refreshing moment than to stop at a cool and cheerful soda fountain and enjoy Coca-Cola.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing 5¢

The Coca-Cola Company Atlanta, Ga.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

You know how we girls are that way. We will get married, sooner or later or both; you see instances of it every day of your life.

If I am not mistaken and, as Joe Cook says, I probably *am* mistaken—it seems to me that business does much to change a girl's attitude toward men, and to make it appreciably more attractive. She daily comes in contact with men in the office and custom does much to reduce the big excitement of the thing to normalcy. She no longer blushes and titters and wonders what would be the right thing to say at any chance meeting with a big, strong man.

But, though the business girl meets men in the office, intramural romances in the business world seem to be comparatively rare. It is usually a man in some other office who turns out to be the ultimate Dream Prince. You get pretty well used to the workers around your own place—which goes equally, of course, for the boys.

Nor are marriages between the head of the company and his efficient but unobtrusive little secretary any too usual. The big consolation to the home folks when Bessie goes to work is that her employer will promptly fall in love with her, and they will presently plight their troth while crowds dance in the public streets and the fountains run wine.

But there are two large and healthy factors pulling against this charming culmination: (a) the boss is usually pretty thoroughly married, and (b) almost every secretary whom I have met regards her employer much as the members of the fifth grade regard their teacher. Contact with him may tend to raise her standards as to speech, dress, and manners, but that is as far as it generally gets. And to date they can't arrest anybody for that.

BUT Bessie, you will find, in that quiet little way of hers, is apt to leave a fairly deep impression on her boss. She starts in by affecting him subconsciously, which is never a bad way to begin. He grows to depend upon her more and more; she becomes essential to his comfort of mind. When she is absent from the office, through illness or during her vacation, he feels definitely irritated and vaguely abused. Then, when she marries, as she usually does, he has a feeling of unexpressed resentment against her husband for upsetting the smooth routine of his office.

He spends fully as much time with her as he does with his wife—probably more. She is waiting for him every morning, fresh and cool and competent and self-effacing. He need never connect her with thoughts of milliners' bills, nor of departing cooks, nor of enforced dances and bridge parties, nor of lost arguments.

In his interviews and his speeches he rarely fails to pay the Little Woman the magnanimous tribute of "whatever success I may have attained I can honestly say I owe to that best of good friends, my wife." All Bessie's efficient efforts come in for not so much as honorable mention. But Bessie can afford to let that pass. She knows where she stands in this success business of his. Also. if she thinks about it at all—and she doubtless doesn't—she realizes that hers is the edge. For the "office wife," as some quick thinker has called the secretary, has it enviably over the regular variety of helpmate in that she is never seen in her bad moments. She must always be at her best, for the boss.

I don't mean to say, you know, that every employer is pining with love for his secretary. I've got enough troubles without starting any report like that. It isn't a question of broken up homes or of employers eating their great hearts out in manly silence. It is just a quiet suggestion that in most cases Bessie becomes far more a part of the boss' life than he does of hers. Even in his spare time there comes to him sudden pictures of her—quiet, low voiced, imperturbably good tempered—and there is a reassurance, a soothing pleasure in the thought.

But Bessie leaves her thoughts of her employer under the typewriter cover on her desk. It is out of office hours that she does her stuff, entirely untrammeled by any tender memories of the boss' fascinations. As I have seen it, it is seldom that the business girl's heart interest develops in her own office. But it is there she acquires the attitude toward men that gives her a nice start on the average home girl—it's only average girls, of course, that we can get into any discussion about; knockouts, on either side, are automatically barred. They make their own rules.

IT is the average girl, of average good looks, average intelligence, and average sex appeal that I have in mind when I look the home bodies in the eye, comparatively squarely, and give them the following argument:

"Go on and send Bessie to business, if you want to see her stock go up with the eligible bachelors."

And if you don't believe me, as, indeed, why should you, take a look around for yourself—don't ask; fond as I am of my sex, the girls are not always quite as truthful as Mother could wish in such matters—take a look and see if the business girls don't run away ahead of the others when it comes to offers of hearts, hands, and uptown apartments.

Which statement, of course, immediately raises the world old question, "What of it?"

THE END

Are AUTHORS *Like* THEIR HEROES?

Some Interesting Secrets Concerning Where the Characters You Read About in Fiction Really Come From

An Article by W. A. D.

Picture by PHILIP LYFORD

Frail, anæmic, and chronically ill, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote stories of men of great endurance, tremendous strength, and even brutality

IF you were to make good that ancient threat of yours, what would you write about? Being quite human, you have gone through one of the most common of human experiences. You have read a book, or a short story or even an article which someone had recommended to you. Or, perhaps, you have just chanced upon the thing. You finish it; you cast it aside.

"I wonder," you soliloquize, "whether the author of that received money for it? If he did he was overpaid. Of course, writing isn't my trade" (or maybe you called it "game"), "but if guys get paid for writing stuff like that" (or did you call it "junk"?) "then I'm going to take a few days off from the office and hurl a few well chosen words at the magazines myself. Charitably speaking, whoever wrote that and took money for it was obtaining money under false pretenses, and the law has a word or two to say about that.

"Why, that story isn't one, two, three with some yarns I know. If I only had time I'd write them, and if I couldn't do better than that I'd quit."

You know you've said it or thought it. Maybe not in those exact words, but you've said it. Very well, then, what would you write about? Perhaps you're not prepared to make a definite answer. Perhaps you haven't gone quite that far. You have the plot; all that you need are characters—let's see, a hero, a heroine, a villain and a supporting cast to form your lines of communication among your trio of principals. This is assuming you are going to stick to the conventional fabric of fiction.

NOW, whether you know it or not, you are going to write about yourself, or write yourself into your story. You won't be able to avoid it. If, after reading Richard Harding Davis, you had met him you would have seen Richard Harding Davis in any one of half a dozen of his romantic stories.

In Arnold Bennett you would see his Edward Clayhanger; there's no question about that. Life, to Arnold Bennett, will never cease to be a wonderful adventure.

Any number of persons who know F. Scott Fitzgerald and have read This Side of Paradise, see him in Amory. And it seems more than just probable that Cyril Hume wrote himself into his Wife of the Centaur.

Joseph Lincoln is himself roaming through his own Cape Cod stories. A well known publisher says Willa Cather is easily discernible in the boy in My Antonia. By the same token and similarly switching sexes, Sinclair Lewis becomes Carol Kennicott in Main Street, and Gopher Prairie is his own home town, Sauk Center, while Doc Kennicott is Lewis' own father unless all signs mislead.

Frank Swinnerton admits that he is or was Young Felix. Edna Ferber has written herself into many of her stories, and it is not at all improbable that the ideals of Edna Ferber, or what Edna Ferber would have herself be under similar circumstances, are given body in the mother in So Big.

Publishers do not agree which of the Three Black Pennies is Joseph Hergesheimer. Joseph Conrad's sea stories are as full of Joseph Conrad as they are of sea foam, and John Galsworthy is walking and talking in every volume turned out by John Galsworthy.

You could go on for thousands of unnecessary words. That this is so, stands to reason.

"But, of course," you protest, "an author is bound to be in his own books; he can't help it. Didn't he write the stuff himself?"

YES, but it goes further than that. An author will write into his hero what he would like himself to be. Perhaps he is prohibited or inhibited by physical or other limitations. He yearns to be strong and he writes of strong people, or he longs to be intensely human, and he strives to have his hero possess all of the nobility and all of the frailty of the human person. Everyone likes to look in a mirror.

No better illustration of this urge in the author's heart can be cited than Robert Louis Stevenson. Frail, anæmic and chronically ill, he wrote Treasure Island, David Balfour, Shipwrecked, and other stories of men of great endurance, tremendous strength, and even brutality. His mind had all the vigor; his body none of it. He wrote as he would have had himself live—strongly.

And that is what you would write, or try to write.

THE END

FOR those who remember how Nita Naldi helped Rudolph Valentino ride to fame with The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, there's a thrill in the announcement that these twain will shortly reappear together in a Famous Players release, A Sainted Devil. And Valentino will dance another tango!

Gilda the Versatile

YOU'D never guess that the Gainsborough Lady of rank and disdain, pictured above, could be the same person as the Voodoo dancer whose likeness appears at the left. But the camera doesn't lie, and they're both Gilda Gray, who was born Marianna Michalska of Poland, transported to Milwaukee, U. S. A., at the age of seven. Gilda burst on New York's theater consciousness five years ago in a South Sea costume, thriftily fashioned of a few artificial flowers and a silk fringe. Now Gilda aspires to shelve the shimmy forever. This season she will appear in a series of plays in her own Little Theater in Gotham. Legit stuff!

Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe.

Fascinating Pictures of the Strenuous Sea Life and Battles of the Sixteenth Century, With Pirates, Adventures, and Strange Scenes Galore, Mark Film Based on Sabatini Novel

THE SEA HAWK, by Sabatini, between the covers of a book failed to absorb us. The Sea Hawk, by Sabatini, translated to the screen for First National by Frank Lloyd, carried our interest with it from the first pictures of rocks and sea, through the Sixteenth Century sea battles and Moorish slave markets, to the ending which Sabatini did not write, but which, because it was well conceived and acted, was not out of place.

Although the book might be called thrilling, the picture to us is far more so. For it tells the story more concisely, with no pages of dialogue or descriptions. One elucidating picture on the screen may take pages to tell in the book. What an action story needs is action, and in a well directed photoplay this is possible with little beating about the bush.

ORDINARILY we are skeptical of a photoplay made from a novel. A novel that depends for its appeal mainly upon a delineation of character and a psychological conflict, where much dialogue is necessary to develop the author's ideas, is not, in our opinion, usually successful material for the screen. Too many subtitles are necessary.

But with a book like The Sea Hawk the story need not suffer in the filming. Seeing the film version, which has most faithfully followed Sabatini, one gets the whole story, as one would if one sat down and skimmed over the pages of the novel.

THE greatest attraction of The Sea Hawk and its most valuable contribution to moving pictures is something that the book could not give, and that is the fascinating pictures of the sea life of the Sixteenth Century, the Spanish and Moorish galleys, and the English frigates, engaging in battle whenever they meet on the high seas. The remarkably fine photographic shots of these ships as they sail through the sea, propelled by the oars of the suffering galley slaves, help to visualize this period most vividly to us of the Twentieth Century.

As we watch the reproductions of these old boats sailing, battling with each other, it is easier to visualize all the stories of piracy and adventure on the high seas that we have read, with their tales of Spanish gold, slave markets, and galley slaves chained to their seats, blistered by the sun, tortured by whips.

It is these sea pictures which make The Sea Hawk stand out as the excellent production that it is.

The film has its thrilling moments outside of the actual battles. When Marzak, the son of Asad-ed-Din, the Moor, challenges the Sea Hawk to a crossbow contest, and chooses as the mark the pannier in which the Sea Hawk has concealed the fair lady Rosamund, a timorous audience trembles and anxiously waits for the Sea Hawk to find a way out of his predicament.

Milton Sills (second from the right in foreground) pulling a mean oar as a galley slave in the Spanish galley in the thrilling film, The Sea Hawk.

Milton Sills as Sir Oliver Tressilian, alias the Sea Hawk, alias Sakr-el-Bahr, which is perhaps Moorish for Sea Hawk, satisfies. He wears a Sixteenth Centuy beard and a galley slave's growth of whiskers as realistically as anyone could, and can creditably harden his features into a look of hate.

WALLACE BEERY is always a pleasure to watch. As the piratical and roguish English sea captain, Jasper Leigh, who kidnaps Sir Oliver by order of the latter's brother and later becomes the Sea Hawk's devoted servant and follower, he gives an entertaining portrayal.

Lloyd Hughes, playing the weak brother who betrayed Sir Oliver, and William Collier, Jr., as the Moorish lad, provide the juvenile end of the male cast.

Enid Bennett, as Lady Rosamund, weeps and wails and trembles her way through the film successfully, unimportant except as the character responsible for much of the strife and turmoil of the Sea Hawk's adventures.

NEXT WEEK: *The Thief of Bagdad*
Douglas Fairbanks' Masterpiece

A Thrilling Romance of the Loves and Hates of Circus Troupers, Enacted High in the Big Top, Above a Sea of Upturned Faces, with the Life of a Girl at Stake.

The Double and Twist

By RALPH NEWMAN

Pictures by HAMILTON WILLIAMS

His father made a frantic clutch toward Eddie's outstretched hand.

THE day after the funeral of Mrs. Mulraney the "Flying Papillons" held a conference in the parlor of the Mulraney boarding house, at which Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dorley and Eddie, their son, discussed the future of Nellie Mulraney. The Dorleys were the "Flying Papillons" of the theaters and circus.

"Nell cannot stay here," Mrs. Jim decided. "Running a boarding house for professional people is bad enough for a woman, and certainly no work for a girl, especially a girl as pretty as she is. Besides, the sickness took all the money, and the house is empty, except for those who cannot pay their bills."

"Don't let the girl know about the funeral expenses," Jim said in his quiet way.

"If Nell ever suspects we paid the expenses she'll insist on paying it back, and it's few dollars will be left when the furniture is sold," retorted his wife.

The conference was interrupted by the quiet entry of the girl whose future was under discussion. Nellie Mulraney was seventeen. A pair of blue eyes seemed darker now because of her grief, and a mass of bronze hair accentuated the whiteness of her skin.

"You were discussing me," she stated, rather than asked. "You have been very kind, all of you, and I want to thank you."

Her voice broke a trifle and tears dimmed the blue eyes.

"There, there, Nell; don't take on again," said Mrs. Dorley, patting the girl's arm comfortingly. "Sure, we were after discussing you. Why shouldn't we be? Your mother was one of our oldest friends, and sure, haven't we been at home here every winter since you were a little redhead in pinafores, and you playin' with Eddie in the yard and showin' your acts?"

"Of course, we want to do whatever we can," Jim ventured quietly. "You will not want to keep the house."

"No—when the debts are paid—after I sell it I'll——"

"What'll you be after doing, you with no training?" asked Mrs. Jim. "It is wishing I am that we had a home that you could call your own. Many's the time I've begged Jim——"

"I know, mother," Jim interrupted. "I'd love a home better than any of you, but with the circus all the summer, and around the vaudeville circuit in winter, what's the use of a home?"

"Couldn't I come with you? I could do the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He could not even go aloft to prepare the tackle without a deathly fear gripping him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

mending and washing—and help with the act—and I'd—I'd be with you," she ended appealingly.

"It's a hard life," replied Jim. "A hard life for a girl."

"I could dress up and help——"

"She was better on the bars than I was wnen we were children," said Eddie eagerly.

"Children, is it?" demanded his mother. "And what do you be calling yourselves now, you eighteen and she seventeen? What a picture you'd be in tights."

Nellie reddened a trifle and Eddie glanced the other way.

That was the beginning of an argument which continued during the two weeks remaining before the old boarding house was turned over to a new landlady, and the "Flying Papillons," four now instead of three, packed their trunks and moved to join the great caravan of the circus, just starting on its season's round of the country.

A year later, when the circus took the road again, a new star was rising among the aerialists. Nellie Mulraney, bringing youth and grace and beauty to freshen the act of the Flying Papillons, had developed in one season to the sensation of the act. Fearless, her confidence in the others who worked with her far up in the mazes of the big top unswerving, she had become a central figure of the act which for years had been one of the thrilling features of the circus.

Jim Dorley, quiet, strong, a finished athlete, whose triple somersaults across the big top to and from flying bars had made him the headliner of his profession, was quick to realize that the girl was an asset instead of a liability.

The Papillons, established as they were, needed new blood. Eddie, the son, was to replace his father as a star, for Jim, satisfied with past attainments, was content to become the "catcher," the steadying and directing element of the act. His wife, never a great performer, but in her youth and early matronhood a competent one, was growing plump, in spite of the arduous work.

Nellie's unexpected development was providential to the troupe. With the older pair directing, her grace and youth and daring and that of Eddie restored the act to the center ring, the position of honor.

Nellie had taken to the work as if born to it. The desire to help had caused her to conspire with Mrs. Dorley and, as a consequence, she appeared one afternoon in fleshings, assisting in handling the ropes, and within a few days was swinging beside her teacher in the airy network with a feeling of strange exhilaration.

A few weeks later she was swung carefully from hand to hand across the bars with a breathless instant elapsing between the time her hands were released from the firm hold of Mrs. Dorley and gripped in the strong, masterful hands of Mr. Dorley. Not that Nellie ever was afraid; her confidence in her mentors was instinctive; she released her hold with the same faith with which a baby leaps to the arms of its father or mother, without thought of injury. To her the rush of air, the long, breathless swing, the sense of flying through space before the gaping thousands, was play—and the handsome, silk clad boy who worked opposite her thrilled her.

Eddie Dorley bade fair to become greater as an aerialist than his father ever had been. Lighter, yet almost as strong, graceful where Jim was heavily muscled, doing with ease feats his father had performed laboriously, he had become a real star in the act.

His father and mother, instead of sighing over the fact that they no longer held the center of the glare of the spotlight, were proud. And Nellie Mulraney was prouder even than they were when the band suddenly stopped playing and the other performers working over in the rings to the right and left, dropped like wounded sparrows into the waiting nets, and the ring master, in pompous tones, announced that Eddie would do a double twisting somersault between the flying bars.

Then, with a rapidly increasing roll of the drums, Eddie, pink clad, would swing from his perch high up against the canvas of the big top, out, out—and, releasing his hold, would turn over twice, twist his body entirely around and, grasping the hands of his father, hanging head downward from the opposite bar, swing to safety and stand, bowing down upon the applauding multitude.

The "double and twist" was the climax of the great aerial act. Nellie never would have admitted it, but every time Eddie made the long twisting leap her heart fluttered.

NELLIE was making surprising progress. In spite of the scoldings and cautionings of Mrs. Dorley, she was increasing the difficulty of her act. Before her first season was over she was doing simple somersaults between the bars, and after the first time Mrs. Dorley had scolded and Eddie had been half angry, his anger mingled with pride.

Jim Dorley had said nothing, but his admiring glance as he had caught the slender hands and swung the girl to safety on the narrow perch said more than words. Jim Dorley was a showman, and the progress of the girl meant to him years of higher salaries. Besides, both he and his wife had, without words, come to regard the orphan girl as a member of their family in reality as well as in name.

Mrs. Dorley's glances at her son as he solicitously adjusted the clogs of the girl, at the finish of the act, and led her toward the dressing rooms, and took tender care of her as they found their way from the lighted tents, across dark spaces to the waiting trains, told her satisfaction.

ON "the lot" and through the entire caravansary of the great circus the Flying Papillons were known as "the happy family"—and they were until the coming of the Jap.

He was not a Japanese. The only point of resemblance to that race was that his face had the brownish yellow of a jaundice victim. The color, perhaps, was responsible for his nickname. He had been an aerialist, a star, until a yielding rope, carelessly adjusted, had given way. Missing his catcher, he had crashed against the edge of the net, and whirled over and over, to break against the hoof-hammered dirt of the outer ring.

The Jap had recovered, save for a slight limp and one shoulder a trifle lower than the other. He might have continued as a performer, but his courage was gone. The killing fear which had numbed his brain when he felt the rope slip, the agony of that long, whirling fall, had sapped his spirit. He knew fear, and was ashamed. He could not even go aloft to prepare the tackle without a deathly fear gripping him, and at night, in his berth in a car, he would wake, perspiring and stifling a scream, as the dream of that terrible whirl through space recurred.

The Jap was aware that his fear was known to others. Everyone was kind to him. They did not mention it when he screamed aloud in his dreams, but he knew that they knew. Sometimes, sweating, he forced himself to ascend to the skeleton from which the flying tackle of the performers hung, and adjust the trapeze, and each time he fancied everyone who saw him was looking and knew that the beads on his forehead were the sweat of fear, and he hated them for it.

Most of all he hated Eddie Dorley. Before

the accident that had broken his spirit, the Jap had been the rival of Jim Dorley in feats of skill and daring. He did not hate Jim. whose great day was past. He hated Eddie, first for his careless, blithe unconsciousness of danger, and second because of his feats in the air. The Jap claimed to have originated the "double and twist" which was the climax of the Papillon act, and his heart was filled with bitterness when he heard the tumult of applause which greeted Eddie Dorley.

All of this, of course, was within himself. The Dorleys regarded him as an old friend and a faithful ally.

JUST when the Jap first observed Nellie Mulraney not even she knew. Perhaps he had watched her from the first, but it was not until the opening of the second season that his attentions attracted notice in the Papillon family. When they were working aloft the Jap was at the side of the nets. Until Nellie had learned to leap into the nets he had the rope ready for her descent, and, after she had caught the trick of dropping flat and relaxed into the mesh of twine, to rebound and dance to the edge, it was he who always was waiting to help her descend to the ground, her robe and clogs ready.

Neither Jim nor Eddie paid much attention to the Jap, but Mrs. Dorley did. She never liked the Jap, and something in the manner in which he held the silken robe over the shoulders of the excited, flushed girl after each performance irritated her.

At length Nellie, too, observed with an uncomfortable feeling the attitude of the Jap. He was always polite, obsequious almost, and yet, under his solicitous manner, Nellie always felt something deeper that made her uneasy and caused her to shrink, involuntarily, when his hands, holding her cloak, touched her arm. She strove to tell herself she was foolish and, when she flushed and shrank from him, she forced herself to smile upon him and thank him more warmly than she would have otherwise.

Whether the Jap was aware of Nellie's feelings toward him, or whether he misinterpreted her smiles of thanks, he alone knew. The second season was more than half over, and Nellie, now advanced to a feature of the big aerial act, second only to Eddie, was learning rapidly. She was doing double somersaults between the bars and occasionally essaying a twist of the body in the air in addition to a somersault. She had found the life exhilarating. The color, the lights, the music, the applause, gave relief and thrill after the drab semi-drudgery of the boarding house—and always there was Eddie.

Nothing had been spoken regarding their plans for the future, but Eddie's devotion to the girl, her natural reliance upon him, had led both Jim Dorley and his wife to the comforting hope that the new member of the Flying Papillons some day would become in fact as well as in name a member of the family. When Eddie and Nellie began to plan for a home where they all could live between seasons Jim smiled with satisfaction, and his wife, who never had had a daughter, fluttered over Nellie.

Then Eddie had his fall.

IT is the practice of every aerialist working with a great circus, far up in the maze of wires and ropes, to inspect the paraphernalia before each performance. When the life and limb of every performer depends upon the perfect placement of each part of the tackle, and when human life hangs at the end of a single rope, it is well to trust no one. And most important of the details of preparation for a flying trapeze act is the marking of "the spot."

"The spot" is the mark on the inside of the billowing canvas of the big top—usually a bar of black metal fastened tightly to the canvas. Each time the immense tent is put up and the aerial paraphernalia suspended the performer, armed with surveyor's instruments, ascends to the bars and, with the instruments, locates a spot on the inside of the tent far across and over the banked seats. On that place the metal bar is placed, and it is that spot that is the semaphore of the entire act.

In a great swing across space the performer's eyes are fixed upon the far away canvas, and the exact instant that his eyes meet the black spot he releases his hold on the flying bar and goes whirling and twisting across the yawning gap, knowing that at precisely the right instant a pair of waiting arms, or the smooth stick of a swinging bar, will meet his hands. A miscalculation of a tenth of a second, and a revolving human form will be hurled outward.

Eddie had performed brilliantly at the afternoon show, and the night brought the greatest crowd of the season. For Nellie the night was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The man had moved impulsively to save her from a fall and suddenly his arms were around her. She felt his kisses planted fiercely upon her cheeks.

This makes a *fine* supper

Airy grains of deliciousness
to entice the appetite

Imagine, if you can, fairy grains of rice, steam exploded to 8 times their normal size and with the rich flavor of nut meats!

You float them in bowls of milk or cream, crisp and toasty grains that melt in your mouth with the smoothness of a confection.

It's a rare delight for the appetite. A supper dish and a breakfast dainty that millions now enjoy.

Ask your grocer today for Quaker Puffed Rice. Serve tonight for a change from the usual supper.

Serve, too, in many ways for the children. They revel in the lusciousness of *whole grains*—the minerals and calciums doctors say they need—given thus in a delightful way. *Food that children need in a form they love!*

Puffed Wheat, too

Quaker Puffed Wheat is another cereal delight—grains of wheat exploded like the Puffed Rice. Most folks get a package both of the Puffed Wheat and the Puffed Rice. And thus supply variety.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

to be a triumph. She had introduced two new jumps into the act, and after long and careful practice Jim Dorley had a little grudgingly granted permission to her to do them in public.

NELLIE, tingling with expectation, was standing high on her perch, waiting a bit impatiently for her turn to swing, when she saw Eddie jump. There was something wrong, she knew, almost as his hands left the swinging bar. He had, with a desperate effort, half turned his body and tried to alter his line of flight. The bar, she noticed, was swinging lopsidedly instead of straight back. She had seen his father make a frantic clutch toward Eddie's outstretched hand, grasp one hand and cling to it for an agonized instant, and she had screamed as Eddie's body, turning over and over, arched outward, struck just at the edge of the back net, and fell limply to the ground. She had made three or four easy swings across the tent after they carried him away, too anxious and nervous to attempt any difficult jumps—then the ringmaster had mercifully whistled down the act, cutting it short.

Eddie was reclining on a cot in the dressing room, conscious, smiling wanly while the circus doctor examined him.

"Nothing broken," he pronounced. "Shoulder strained, neck muscles will be stiff, bruised. A week's rest and you'll be all right."

"Dad saved my life," said Eddie, as his mother, ready to scold or weep, clung close to the cot. "His grabbing my arm checked me so that I hit the net instead of going on against the seats. It——"

"Quiet, boy, quiet," said Jim softly. "Don't talk just yet. Doctor, hadn't you better get the crowd out of here?"

The performers, clowns, roustabouts, canvas men, who, during the excitement, had pressed into the private dressing room, took the hint and departed. Only the Jap remained with the Papillons and the doctor, and his dark eyes burned as Nellie, ready to weep, sank down beside the cot, holding tightly to Eddie's uninjured arm.

"Needn't stay any longer, Jap. You can't do any good," said Jim easily.

The Jap, plainly reluctant, withdrew.

"How did it happen, Eddie?" Jim asked quietly.

"The spot was wrong," said Eddie. "I knew it just as I jumped—and tried to swing back to the line."

"I marked it myself at noon," his father replied. "I tested it with the instruments."

"It was all right this afternoon," said Eddie. Either the canvas swayed or the spot was changed——"

"I couldn't see the spot at all when I jumped," said Nellie. "But I was so worried over Eddie—I didn't think—I just wanted to get down and be with him——"

The injured boy smiled and pressed her hand.

Ten minutes later Jim Dorley, serious and worried, reappeared.

"The spot is wrong, two feet off the line, and Hutch, the head canvas man, declares the canvas has not swayed an inch," he announced.

The Papillon family looked at each other questioningly, each waiting for the other to voice the general suspicion.

"The Jap," snapped Mrs. Dorley.

"You forget, mother," said Jim easily, "that whoever changed that spot had to climb up a single rope, swing across over the seats, and mark it while stretched out, holding to a seam in the canvas. The Jap hasn't nerve enough to do it—and besides, he would have been seen."

"Better let it go as an accident—and watch carefully in the future," he added.

THE next fortnight was one of triumph for Nellie and, vicariously, for Eddie, who, forced to remain on the ground while his injuries healed, shared her excitement over the applause bestowed upon her by the crowds, pretending to sulk and believe that she was stealing all his honors away from him.

The week which was to have restored Eddie to vigor passed into a fortnight, and then it was a week of slow practice and testing of his injured muscles before he was pronounced fit to resume his act.

It was announced that Eddie would return to the act at the next big stand, which was in Minneapolis. In the family it was agreed that he would content himself with the simpler leaps and turns in the afternoon and essay the double twisting somersault only at the night performance. The billboards again announced his thrilling act and the press told of his return to the bars after his injury.

The night before this event brought rain, with a muddy "lot" and heavy, soggy canvas, and dismal, wet weather uniforms take much of the glitter and romance from a circus. Eddie, as is the custom of all circus people, was helping wherever possible in hurrying the work of taking down and packing the tremendous stores that go to make up a circus. Jim, pressed into service, asked the women if they could find their way to the cars unescorted, and in the mire and semi-darkness of the lot Mrs. Dorley and Nellie had become separated. Nellie, knowing that it was but a short distance to the waiting cars, plucked her tiny rubber boots from the mire and

started "homeward." A moment later she found the Jap at her elbow. Somehow his presence annoyed her, but she accepted his escort without question.

They had spoken only of the weather, the common gossip of the circus family, until she reached the car of the performers. In stepping to the high step after thanking the Jap for escorting her from the lot, her foot slipped and she half fell. The man had moved first impulsively to save her from a fall, and suddenly his arms were around her. She felt herself crushed savagely against his breast and felt his kisses planted fiercely upon her cheeks, forehead, and lips. For a moment, too surprised to act, she had given way. Then, in a surge of anger, she struggled, clawing and striking at his face, and pushing him away. An instant later, freed, defiant, she faced him indignantly. Turning quickly, with a muttered exclamation, the Jap disappeared in the darkness.

No one had witnessed the incident. Nellie, indignant and enraged, flushed with anger, disheveled from the Jap's fierce embraces, stood panting. Slowly she recovered herself. Her desire to scream for assistance had passed. She pictured Jim's quiet anger and Eddie's righteous rage should she tell them of the Jap's actions. There really was no harm done, she thought. Telling of it would only make matters worse. She would keep silent about it—and that man should be taught to know his place. When she entered the car she was composed, and none noticed that anything unusual had occurred.

THE afternoon performance the next day went smoothly until the last jump. No one observed that Eddie, in his final leaping double somersault, had winced as the injured arm received a twist. His father had felt the involuntary movement, and, after examining the arm in the dressing room, forbade Eddie to attempt the double and twist that night.

"I can go through with it. I can't quit now," Eddie protested.

"May mean another month of idleness, son," counseled his father. "Those wrenched muscles are more dangerous than breaks, unless you nurse them."

"But the announcement is made——"

"I'll explain it. Just take the simple jumps and favor that bad shoulder until it heals."

Eddie, disconsolate, was brooding. Nellie, who had heard the decision, quickly followed Jim from the tent.

"Daddy Jim," she said, using the name she had learned to employ in cajoling him, "don't tell them anything. Let them make the announcement and I'll do the double and twist."

"You—Nell? I believe you would!"

"I can do it, Daddy Jim. I can do it as well as Eddie, and we owe it to the show not to disappoint the crowd."

Ten minutes of argument and pleading followed, but in the end Jim, as usual, yielded.

The plotters told no one and carefully concealed from Eddie and his mother the great climax of the act that night. In spite of his consent that Nellie could perform the difficult feat, Jim was nervous. No one else would have observed it, but he could not conceal from his wife the fact that he was worried about something, and his denials served only to draw from her a snort of disbelief.

"Nervous as a girl going to her first party," Mrs. Dorley declared. "And him that never had a nerve in his body and would toss me across the top without batting an eye—and nervous about you."

"Why, Mother Dorley, I believe you are getting jealous of me."

"Jealous? Humph! But he can't blind me. I know when he's holding back something from me."

NELLIE laughed as she kicked her clogs from her feet and swung lightly over the net to ascend to the bars. Eddie, in spite of the lameness in his shoulder, was on the perch, and Nellie, waving a hand daintily toward the massed spectators, swung her bar outward and spoke to him.

"Don't hurt the shoulder again, Eddie," she said. "I'm swinging over to talk to Dad."

Nellie swung lightly from the perch, floated across the narrow gap to the second bar, and swung lightly to the perch beside the veteran.

"What's the trouble, Dad?" she asked. "You're worried about something."

"It's nothing. Don't lose your nerve, Nell," he said. "But keep your eye on the spot—and take no chances."

"O, I'll be careful," she laughed lightly. "I have learned to keep my eyes open and see all the way round when I turn."

"Did you see the Jap on the ground when you came up?"

"The Jap? I didn't notice. Why?"

"I've looked all around the net, and he isn't there—and he usually is waiting."

A vague uneasiness filled her.

"Don't lose your nerve, girl," the man said. "If you aren't sure of yourself take a simple turn and let it go at that."

"O, I'm all right, Dad," she answered, as she swung off again to turn lightly on to the opposite bar.

In spite of her assurance that she was all right Nellie caught herself glancing toward the black mark on the canvas far back of the opposite perch. She told herself that her doubts were ridiculous, yet between each jump she glanced toward the ground beside the net, seeking the Jap. His continued absence from his accustomed post added to her anxiety. For the first time since she had become a member of the family she found herself wishing that the act was over.

The preliminary jumps, the showy part of the act, ended. Into the nets stretched over the rings to right and left the silk clad performers were dropping, one by one. The band suddenly ceased its blare—and the silence spread quickly over the vast assemblage.

The stately master of ceremonies advanced slowly to the center of the great tent, and his penetrating voice boomed the announcement:

"Owing to the recent injury to Monsieur Eddy, of the Flying Papillons, whose double twisting somersault has thrilled millions, he will be unable to perform the feat——"

A murmur of half protest arose from the spectators, and was silenced as the announcer lifted his hand.

"In its place," his voice boomed out, "Mademoiselle Nellie, the youngest aerial star of the world, will essay, for the first time, to duplicate the feat which, heretofore, only her brother has performed."

A WAVE of anticipation and excitement swept the throng and every eye was centered upon the lithe, silk clad girl with the bronze hair, standing easily upon the perch, high above them, holding in one hand the slender bar.

Ten feet below Eddie was sitting upon his bar, his face tense and anxious. Far across the big top Jim Dorley stood facing her, ready to swing outward and hang suspended by his calves on his bar, to catch her at the end of her wild, dizzy flight through space.

She must time his swing exactly to that of her own.

Jim swung outward, turned, placed his legs carefully where the ropes of the trapeze met the bar. She watched the long swing of his bar, timing it and studying as it rose with each sweep higher and higher——

One, two, three! On the next swing as his body started the long rush downward she would launch herself out toward him——

She glanced across toward the "black mark"—a little gasp of surprise caught her—the mark had moved.

Then, before she could think, there was a disturbance. A man, wild, dishevelled, screaming, was fighting with the attendants, struggling to force his way toward the center ring.

"Don't! Don't! The mark!" the struggling man screamed, and was borne down under the attendants.

Nellie saw that Jim's bar had reached the height of the backswing—the second had arrived. She had a fleeting glimpse of the struggling mass of men, the wave of disturbance in the crowd near them, of Eddie's agonized face looking up at her, and his gesture of helpless pleading—and then launched herself outward. The bar was swinging straight. Jim, she knew, was rushing toward her through the air. She counted, one, two, three, and then, at the three-fourths point of the upward swing she released her grip, turned over, over, and with a graceful twist of the body whirled and faced, with outstretched arms—whatever came.

A SICKENING instant of falling, and she felt Jim's strong hands grasp her wrists, her firm little hands gripped tightly about his rugged wrists. Light as a feather, she settled into the rhythm of the swing, and an instant later her feet touched upon the high perch and she swung to safety.

The wild applause of the crowd arose in a blur of sound—the exultant blare of the band came dimly. She saw struggling men carrying and dragging a man away.

Something was wrong. Eddie already had dropped into the net and, swinging to the ground, was running across the tent toward the struggling group. Jim, not waiting for the applause to subside, had leaped downward.

Nellie calmly swung outward, turned over, and dropped into the net.

Ten minutes later, when the excitement in the dressing room had subsided and she had released herself from the arms of Eddie and the bear hug to the breast of Mrs. Dorley, Jim entered.

"It was the Jap," he said. "He changed the mark by climbing up the outside of the canvas. He wanted to kill Eddie. When he found Nellie was to make the leap he sort of went crazy, tried to stop you—and betrayed himself. The boys treated him rather rough, but he will live."

"I'd have killed him—if anything had happened to you," said Eddie. "I noticed the mark was changed just before you swung off."

"I noticed it, too," Nellie responded. "And it scared me."

"You saw it, and still made the jump?" Jim asked, staring at her.

"Why, yes; we couldn't disappoint the crowd after that beautiful announcement of Lew's, could we?"

"You're a real trouper, Nell," said Jim, than which praise he could speak no higher. "You're a real member of the family."

"She will be, in a day or two, Dad," said Eddie. "She's just promised——"

And then Mother Dorley gathered them both into her arms.

THE END

Sh! Whisper! One is supposed to believe that this is not the Prince of Wales visiting this country incog, but "Lord Renfrew." The photograph was taken on his last visit to Canada.
International Photo.

My FRIEND, *the* PRINCE *of Wales*

The Most Thoroughly Advertised Bachelor in the World Says a Few Plain Words About Matrimony

By CAPTAIN JOHN HAMILTON POTTER

[*Editor's Note—Since completing the preceding article on the Prince of Wales Mr. Potter has been again in London, where he saw and talked to His Royal Highness, who, it seems, is all fed up on the subject of his wedding to—well, you may read the article and form your own opinion.*]

HE'S one hundred per cent human, this heir to the British throne, and he is just as likely to be peevish as any other human being of his years and temperament. He has, to quote the quoters of Irvin S. Cobb, just about as much privacy as a goldfish, and somehow I can't help taking his side of the argument about this marriage business.

He has just celebrated his thirtieth birthday anniversary. Several million British ladies are insisting that he marry—not them necessarily, but someone. A few days ago his brother, the Duke of York—Bertie, they call him—mentioned to the Prince that he had seen and talked to a dowager noted for her refusal to recognize virtue in anything which has happened since the reign of Victoria.

"She was asking about you," said Bertie. "Said something about it being high time you married."

The Duke of York grinned and stepped back—out of reach. The Prince scowled and raised his eyes toward Heaven.

"A dear, original soul," he sighed. "Good Lord! Why can't they let me alone? Why can't they give me five years more? Of course, I realize that I have certain obligations, that I am more or less the property of the people, and that I am expected to do what they want me to do, but I can't do what they *all* want me to do."

I had to return to America before John W. Davis was nominated for President by the Democrats, but I happen to know that Mr Davis has the best wishes of the Prince of Wales, if that will do him any good.

THE Prince was extremely interested in the deadlock in the Democratic convention, but, inasmuch as he knew none of the possible candidates except Mr. Davis, he made no comment further than to ask me about Alfred E. Smith and why he was so popular. He knew, in a general way, about William Gibbs McAdoo.

I told the Prince about Governor Smith—about his humble beginnings, his steady rise to power and fame, of his frankness and executive ability—and the Prince was anxious to hear more.

"I know Mr. Davis," said Edward Albert, or Dave, as his intimates call him, "and he is highly admired in England. He is quite splendid in many ways and a man of really rare intellectual and cultural attainments. If he is elected and makes as excellent a President as he was an ambassador, the United States will be well served."

THE mind racking thrill that women get when presented to His Royal Highness is rather typically illustrated by what happened to a young woman of the name of McDonald who asked me, while I was in London, to present her to the Prince.

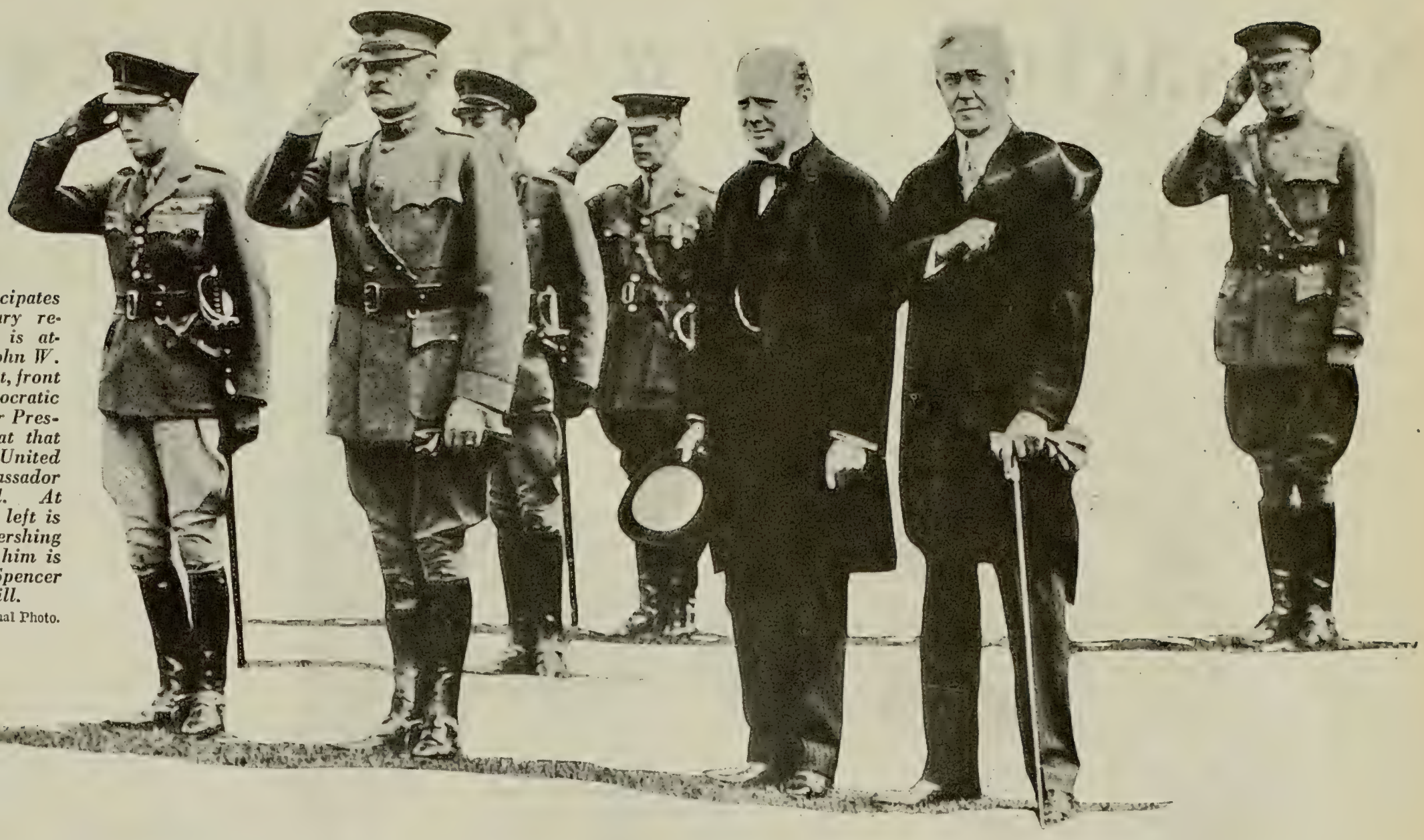
I told her I'd do what I could, but she shouldn't base her future happiness on it, inasmuch as she was only one of many thousand young women willing to walk London barefooted for the privilege of dancing with the Prince.

She was an American. In a quandary as to how she should act when she met the Prince, she asked me.

"Be natural," I told her, "and say as little as possible. Let him make the advances."

The meeting was arranged and the palpitating young woman was seated at a table when the Prince entered the room. He advanced toward her and she became rigid. She

The Prince arrayed for his first pig-sticking hunt, in Jodhpur, India. The hunt was a grand success and nobody was unhorsed.
International Photo.



Wales participates in a military review which is attended by John W. Davis (right, front row), Democratic candidate for President, who at that time was United States ambassador to England. At the Prince's left is General Pershing and next to him is Winston Spencer Churchill.
International Photo.

seemed to wish to speak, but couldn't. She made a motion as if to rise, but remained frozen.

"Stand up! Stand up!" one of her friends whispered to her. It was a fierce, reverberating whisper. But the girl was petrified.

"Please," said the Prince, "please. Why should she rise? Women do not generally rise when a man approaches, do they?"

In a few moments he had her completely at ease. He danced with her and I have never seen a human being look more blissful than that girl.

THE Prince, I think, looks forward to seeing the polo games on Long Island more than anything else during his latest visit to America.

He's one of the most ardent polo rooters in the world, although he says that he's an extremely bad player. And he is not entirely wrong about this.

"There is only one man in the world who plays worse polo than I," he said. "That man is the Duke of York."

The Prince is still the enthusiastic dancer. One of his favorite supper clubs is the Embassy Club, in spite of the rumors which recently came to his ears. Someone told him that the management of the Embassy Club would be just as well pleased if he stayed away from there, because his bills were always large and he was not called upon to pay them.

It stands to reason that the rumor was absurd. There are several such clubs in London which thrive only because the Prince of Wales patronizes them.

In fact, the management of the Embassy Club offered to back me if I started a supper dancing club, provided I had the assurance of the Mountbattens, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York that they would patronize the place twice a week.

At the Embassy Club the Prince has a special table, and it is the custom for anyone occupying it to surrender it if he enters. A few nights before my most recent return to New York the Prince went to the Embassy and saw a group of Americans at his table. They prepared to leave it. He hurried to them.

"Please," he said. "Please sit where you are. There are other tables, and I shall be glad to take one of the others."

And they kept the table.

"Now watch me," said the Prince, when he was prepared to leave.

He called the waiter, demanded his bill, and paid it. The management protested. But he paid.

Of course he is still chaffed a great deal about his riding; or, better, perhaps, his inability to ride. You may have noticed that he has not fallen from his horse recently—or at least the news has been suppressed. I asked him if he were persisting in his horsemanship.

"Of course," he grinned. "I'd be a fine king if I couldn't ride a horse."

That Wales does not give promise of great statesmanship is not greatly concerning the British politicians. But they do delight in the good fellowship of the Prince.

"The Prince does a great deal of traveling," I observed to a cabinet member. "Do you hear much criticism of that?"

"No," he replied, "and any criticism is short sighted. The Prince is one of the best salesmen England ever had. Every time he meets an American, for instance, England gains a friend. He sells England and is, perhaps, one of the best salesmen in the world."

ONE of the elements of the Prince's position is, to him, somewhat creepy; it would be to any normal person. One day he is to be King of England.

He is extremely fond of his father, for very good reason. But he is constantly spoken of as *the future king*. And that, he says, always gives him the feeling of the man who is being groomed for another man's death. In other words, he is looked at not as a definite personality so much as the coming occupant of another man's shoes. And, inasmuch as the wearer of these shoes is his father, the cold blooded attitude of the world disconcerts him.

In fairness to him I say that what so many people refer to as his frivolity is really nothing more nor less than his desire to escape the chilliness of the shadow in which he has his official being. At least that is my analysis of his whole attitude toward life.

During his visit to the United States he will be fawned upon by a majority of those who come into personal contact with him. He will find once more at his feet a battalion of ambitious mammas, any one of whom would march triumphantly to the stake were she sustained by the knowledge that her daughter was the fiancée of the Prince of Wales. In the old days the idea of the Prince of Wales marrying a commoner, especially a commoner of another nationality, would have been unthinkable; but times have changed.

HE is going to find American society at his feet just as he finds British aristocracy. Anyone who says that this constant adulation has not had its influence upon Wales is speaking rot and knows it. The prince is no superman. It is not natural that anyone should withstand constant flattery and courting without being somewhat spoiled for the ordinary things in life.

Fortunately the Prince of Wales will not have to contend with nor content himself with the ordinary things of life.

I ask any man: Suppose you were born the heir to the world's mightiest throne and that all your life corps of tutors and trainers had worked on you with but one idea—to make you look, talk, and act the part of a king. And, added to this, suppose ten thousand women courted you, actually or from afar.

Wouldn't you be just a little different from what you are? Or, better, would you have the moral fiber and the strength of character to stand up under it as well as Dave Windsor has done?

I wonder!

THE END

Sensations *of a* Sick Doctor

A Revealing Article on the Heroism, Self-Sacrifice, and Even Martyrdom of the Medical Practitioner Devoted to His Profession

A doctor rarely diagnoses his own case. He isn't very different from a layman. When ailing, they both look up a physician!

By RICHARD ADAMS

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

THERE is no law, nor medical association rule, which forbids the physician's treating his own ailments or those of his relatives. A doctor may administer to the sick, the halt, the lame, and the blind, regardless of their identities.

But, whereas he often has himself for his patient, he rarely doctors his family. Why? There are a number of reasons, almost all of them based upon personal feeling. He is afraid, if the sick one is a member of his immediate family, of letting sentiment interfere with his judgment; he is afraid his judgment will be warped by his perspective.

But when *he* is sick there is a different story to tell. In Robert Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy you find this:

"Felix Plater notes, of some young physicians, that study and cure diseases, [that they] catch them themselves, will be sick and appropriate all the symptoms they find related of others to their own persons."

This ancient observation is still reliable, according to Dr. W. Meddough Dunning, specialist in ear, nose, and throat diseases. He said:

"A young practitioner will invariably look after himself, but the seasoned physician will let himself go as long as his patients are demanding his attention; but neither will be his own doctor if he finds anything serious the matter with himself. A doctor rarely diagnoses his own case.

"Specialists usually die of the malady of which they are the most profound students. A doctor doesn't like to diagnose his own case, and it is a strange thing that the majority of them don't like to prescribe for their own families. A physician friend of mine—a specialist in diphtheria—came to me some time ago with his child and asked me to look at the child's throat.

"My examination showed diphtheria, and I asked the child's father whether he didn't agree. He did.

"But we are somewhat proud of the fact that physicians are not, as a rule, cowards.

"Perhaps you remember Dr. Winslow Anderson, the famous cancer specialist of San Francisco. He devoted his life to the study and care of the malady until he himself was infected and became a victim. Doctor Anderson was a martyr to the cause of humanity, and he didn't abandon his patients when he knew there was no hope for himself. Instead, he stood right up to the work, easing pain where he couldn't effect a cure and using his own experience as knowledge for the future generations."

DR. HENRY W. FRAUENTHAL, founder of the Hospital for Joint Diseases, in New York City, told me statistics show that those in the medical profession die ten years earlier than the average person, due to the strain of their work and the draft on their nervous vitality.

"The case of Doctor Anderson of San Francisco is by no means unique in the annals of medicine," said Doctor Frauenthal. "No more wonderful instance of loyalty to humanity could have been given than that of Dr. William P. Bull, the celebrated cancer specialist of New York City. When he became infected through one of his patients he knew exactly what sufferings and torments were ahead of him, with no relief until death; but he kept the information a secret and went on with the work of alleviating the afflictions of others. He never said a word about himself before his condition became apparent, and not until he was practically helpless did he call in other medical aid.

"Another who made the supreme sacrifice to science for humanity's sake was Dr. Alexander A. Smith, noted heart specialist of Bellevue Hospital, New York. Doctor Smith became infected and developed cardiac neuralgia, enduring the tortures of the damned. But his sufferings were forgotten at the bedside of a patient; at least, Doctor Smith affected to forget them. He would writhe in his agony, turn white and blue from pain; and turn from the other sufferer that the latter might not witness the torture he was undergoing.

"No more striking instances of sacrifice for the sake of humanity are given than there was in the Loomis family, father and son, nor greater examples of the fatality of specialism. The father, founder of the Loomis Sanatorium for Tuberculosis in New York and head of the New York University Medical College, specializing in pneumonia, went from the bedside of a patient one afternoon knowing that he had been infected with the disease. Hardly had he reached his home when he was taken with a chill, and a week later he was dead. It was just about a year later that his son, following in the footsteps of his father, met exactly the same fate.

James J. Walsh, PH. D., SC. D., M. D., and former dean of the medical faculty of Fordham University, has written a score or more of books on medicine and kindred subjects. One in particular deals with "Cures That Have Failed," in which the writer treats in humorous fashion of hypnotism, mesmerism, and other "isms" which held sway for a while and effected cures and then went the way of all things mortal, passing into oblivion.

"AS to the attitude of a doctor when he gets sick," said he, "I'm the last man to ask. I never was sick in my life, but if I thought that there was anything the matter with me I would consult a doctor. As a matter of fact, I do see a doctor about every two years, and he always tells me that there is nothing the matter with me. A doctor isn't very different from a layman when he thinks he has an ailment. They both look up a physician. The greatest surgeon that Philadelphia boasts of concluded, not a very long time ago, that it was necessary for him to undergo an operation. He didn't stop for a moment to doctor himself, but immediately went to the Mayos in Rochester.

"And it wasn't a very long time afterward that an equally celebrated surgeon of New York City discovered he was in need of similar treatment, and he also went to the Mayos. So, for a time, the seats of surgical learning of Philadelphia and New York were in Rochester, Minnesota. I don't know what lesson is to be drawn from those two coincidences, unless it be that the more a man learns about medicine the less he thinks he knows."

THE END

You can tell it by this unusual sign

YOU can tell Ripolin, the original Holland Enamel Paint by this unusual sign—a sign that was designed more than forty years ago when the secret process of making Ripolin was first discovered in Holland.

Ever since that time this old-fashioned sign has been the identifying mark for this "best of enamels" which has now become known the world over for its wonderful quality and economy. In England, in France, on the continent and throughout America, architects and home owners, contractors and master painters know Ripolin and its identifying mark by the excellent results it has given them on the exteriors of buildings, in living-rooms, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, bath-rooms—wherever durable and attractive enamel effects are desired.

Surely you will want to take advantage of the Holland enamel makers' art, because of both the beauty and the protection it will insure you on any type of surface you may have to finish. Its great economy as well will appeal to you. And furthermore Ripolin is easy to get in both large and small packages. There is a Ripolin Dealer near you who will gladly give you a tint folder and furnish you with suggestions and specifications.

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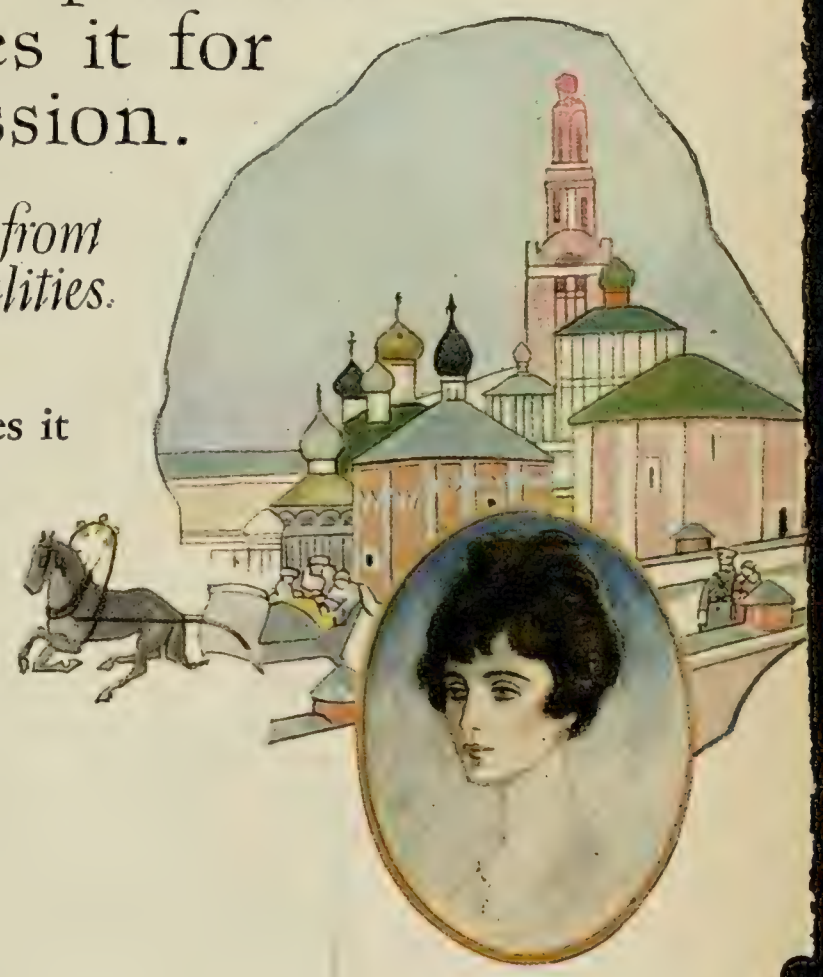
ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY USE IT

The Princess Yedigarova tells about its use in Russia. Mrs. Fritz Kreisler finds it invaluable for countless purposes in her Viennese home. Rodier—master creator of fabrics and designs — praises it. The Princess Rospigliosi uses it for her most precious possession.

Read these intensely interesting letters from enthusiastic Lux users of many nationalities.



Why a RUSSIAN PRINCESS values it

"Most of you in America have no conception of the intense, penetrating cold of my Russia. Winters are long—snow everywhere. We must wear woolens else we would suffer. It wasn't always easy to keep these garments soft—comfortable. That is why I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to your Lux. With it, all the woolens so important to our comfort are kept soft and elastic."

PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA

The SMART RESORTS of Italy and Switzerland

"Thousands of dollars a year we spend for table and bed linen for the Bucher-Durrer chain of hotels in Rome, Milan, Lugano, Lucerne, Burgenstock. It is a tidy sum. For fifty years I, myself, have supervised the buying and the care of it. I love it — my linen. Every day sunny piles come up from the *blanchisseuse*—here in Lucerne—to be carefully inspected before they find their way to dining *salon* or Madame's chamber. I write you this because for the last three years we have used Lux for washing our best linens. It is incomparable for the fine laundering I demand."

MME. ROB. BUCHER-DURRER

Where DAKOTA SAND STORMS blow

"In western Dakota to see our nearest neighbors we have to ride miles along roads inches deep in alkaline dust. But does the dust give me stringy, faded hair? No! Once a week I use Lux as a shampoo and my hair is always soft and fluffy. Lux is undoubtedly the best shampoo I have ever used."

MILDRED MCLAUGHLIN

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER finds it invaluable

"You would be surprised at the number of uses that are found for Lux in my household—not only in New York but in Vienna. I find it keeps my collection of old Bohemian glass clean and sparkling. It is used, too, with very satisfactory results for the rare old pieces of Viennese porcelain that form part of my collection."

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

ITALIAN PRINCESS protects her rare old lace

"One of my choicest possessions is my great-grandmother's wedding veil of old blonde. It requires the most delicate treatment. Of course, there is nothing better than Lux to clean it with. I can say after using Lux that it deserves my warmest approval."

PRINCESS GIAMBATISTTA ROSPIGLIOSI

Rugs washed in TUNIS STREETS

. . . . There I was walking along a narrow twisty street bordered by small shops filled with all sorts of Oriental treasures. Suddenly I came upon a Turk—I guess he was—kneeling on a magnificent rug, washing it. Can you guess with what—with our American Lux! I told my interpreter to ask him if he wasn't afraid to wash so priceless a thing. He showed us all his white teeth in a wide smile and picking up the package of Lux said, 'Not with this'."

HELEN MARTIN

RODIER — greatest living textile designer, writes from Paris

"Since the sixteenth century when the first Gobelin tapestry was created, we in France have had a veritable passion for the weaver's craft. In our own *fabrication de tissus* three generations often work together at their hand looms with the zeal and enthusiasm of the true artist.

"So, it is natural, is it not, that when the fabric is finished we should still be interested in the preservation of its beauty. That is why it seems so good to us that you in America have made a soap like Lux so mild and pure that it will not injure our delicate white kashas, crêpellas and tisseclas. Lux preserves the beauty of weave and texture of these *tissus.*"

RODIER

In sunny DUTCH KITCHENS

"You know how you rejoice—when you are in a foreign country—to see a familiar face? That is the way I felt when I saw packages of Lux in a shop window here in Amsterdam. I couldn't resist going in to find out what they use it for in Holland. 'Everything', said the shopkeeper, 'Dutch ladies seem to like it especially for their dishes.'"

MARY CARROLTON

Wherever Lux is used, the reason for its use is always the same, in every country of the world. It is because Lux is so pure it won't injure anything water alone will not harm—it won't injure fine fabrics—won't roughen or redden the most sensitive hands. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Through the STREETS *of the* TOWN

"A woman who swears will invariably cuss the first thing; she'll tell you to 'drive like hell,' or to 'make a damn fast trip.'"

Mystery, Tragedy, Crime, Adventure, Love---They Are All in the Nightly Round of the Knight of the Cruising Taxicab in the Great City

By
PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

IN days gone by D'Artagnan and his gay comrades adventured through the streets of Paris on horseback, wooing and fighting and carousing until dawn. They were ready for whatever came their way, whether it were soft and smiling or hard faced and sullen, like a cardinal's guard with sword and a poniard.

It's much the same with your night driving taxi chauffeur in the big cities of today. He's traded D'Artagnan's hoss for a cab with a quick getaway and an appetite for strong gasoline; and as he cruises through the shadowy streets of the city he sees before him a vague question mark which intrigues him and lures him on.

Romance, tragedy, comedy, sordid adventure, or prosaic commonplace—all lie straight ahead. The next instant a sobbing woman may hail his cab or a blueblooded plutocrat, or both. And five minutes later anything is likely to happen, including gun play, an elopement, or a million dollar deal in stocks.

Meanwhile the chauffeur keeps eyes to the front and feeds the gas. If his ears hear strange sounds they are apparently deaf. . . .

TAKE the case of Harry Lipe, one of the aces among the 3,500 taxi drivers employed by the Yellow Cab Company in Chicago. There's a gold star on Harry's car, which means that he's a sort of sergeant among the chauffeurs and must take note of the other fellow's driving as well as his own. Harry's a veteran in the business of taxicabing, although he's only thirty-seven.

"Sure, it's a fascinating game," Harry tells you—"especially at night. I've seen many a driver quit and come back. They like the—well, adventure, I guess you'd call it. You see, a taxi driver never knows who or what is going to happen along next. He expects almost anything."

Of course, the job has tamed down a bit in the last few years. Time was when there were battles between rival cab companies, when shots were exchanged from cars which sped through the empty streets of early morning, when starting crank crashed down on nonmetallic heads, when sudden attacks were made on enemy garages. Chicagoans have seen as many as two hundred cabs milling about in one single block of Monroe Street in a mysterious contest for a hotel stand—and only a crash between rival taxis was necessary to start a general battle which would be royal, but rough on heads.

The rivals for the public's patronage seem to feel more amicable toward each other these days. At any rate, their strifes have nothing to do with this story of Harry Lipe, knight of the carburetored steed. He goes on the job at two o'clock in the afternoon. By one o'clock the following morning, if business is dull, he may return his car to the garage and become a commonplace citizen once more. Meanwhile——

"Well, we're not supposed to pay any attention to our passengers, once they're settled in the cab and we know where they want to go," he says. "Our business is to do the driving and keep our eyes to the front. Still, a fellow can't help but hear what he hears—and when a bit of dust gets on the wind shield it makes a darned swell mirror!

"SO we see plenty. There are some folks, especially at night, who think a taxicab was designed for petting parties. I've even had women use it for a bathhouse while being driven to the beach. It's odd about women, anyway. If they have any little naughty habits, as you might say, they seem to make a point of letting the driver know about 'em. It must be vanity or something. A woman who swears will invariably cuss the first thing; she'll tell you to 'drive like hell' or 'make a damn fast trip.'

"Nine women out of every ten who travel in a cab light a cigaret as soon as they get in, and they generally ask you for the match. They've probably got a box of them in their handbag, but the fact is that they want you to know they smoke. Ain't that peculiar?

"Two or three times I've gotten a real thrill out of my night's work to last several days afterward. For instance, there was the after-

noon I picked up a paper and read how a smart little girl had sued a prominent real estate man—and him a man of family. There was her picture and his, and I remembered that the trouble had started in my cab when we were shooting north through Lincoln Park about 1 A. M.

"Then there was a little red headed fellow who looked awfully worried, jumped in my car, and said he'd give me one dollar if I made the Northwestern Station in ten minutes. I made it, too; and then one day I saw in the paper that this red headed fellow had been captured in Cheyenne and was being brought back to Chicago for murdering his wife. Get the thrill? That fellow had killed her only about fifteen minutes before getting into my cab!

"But the thing that made the biggest impression on me was the little girl who came out of a small hotel in North Clark Street. There was a man with her—one of those fast sports that play the joints just north of the river.

"'O, cut it out! You ain't been hurt,' I heard him say.

"THEN he turns his back on her, and she gives me an address on Lincoln Avenue, in a timid sort of voice. As soon as we'd hit a smooth road I could hear that she was sobbing like her heart would break. That's nothing new for a night taxi to hear, of course, but it kind of got under my skin. She was such a lonely, scared looking little girl—mostly from the expression of her eyes, which were large and dark.

"Well, we got to that Lincoln Avenue address, and she tipped me four bits. I didn't want to take it, because the house looked pretty shabby, but she insisted. It made me wonder as I drove away to the garage.

"That was my last load for the night. Next afternoon, when I started work, I picked up a fare who wanted to go to the Sheffield Avenue police station. It happened that my route led past that little girl's house. Say, I could feel myself go all cold inside when I saw an undertaker's wagon standing at the curb there. I read in the papers a couple of lines saying she took poison."

Harry eyed his interviewer apologetically.

"Do you know," Harry said, "the thought of that four bit tip hit me rather hard? Just to get clear with my conscience I had to send around a bunch of flowers to put on her coffin, down at the morgue.

"O, I tell you we taxi drivers get a pretty fair idea about women in our trips around the city. We hear 'em weep, quarrel, plead, swear, laugh, sigh, gossip, make love, bawl out the fellows who're with 'em, and sometimes tell 'em they'll marry 'em. Once one of the boys had a baby born in his cab just as he was drawing up in front of the hospital . . .

"It's remarkable how many women try to get sentimental with chauffeurs," Harry continued. "For a fact, someone tries to kid me about that on an average of at least twice a week, and I'm not what you'd call a matinée idol. It's a nuisance for a fellow who's married and got a five year old kid, like I have."

BUT the number of women who sigh and gaze rapturously at the chauffeur's tanned neck dead ahead are a mighty small minority. Take the young woman, for instance, who waited outside the garage and selected Harry from among the other drivers because he looked so big and strong. She was taking up new quarters and there was a trunk to be moved—that was the answer.

The trunk was in a third floor room and its destination was also on the third floor in the other apartment. But when Harry finally got it up the stairs the young woman's new landlady shrewishly evoked the apartment house rule to the effect that all goods must be delivered in the rear.

"But," protested the puffing driver, "my back is almost broke already."

"Can't help that. There's a notice on the front door, and you should've read it."

So down went the trunk and around to the rear stairs. Harry was just achieving the final flight when the landlady's little dog discovered him. The upshot was a downshot, with dog, trunk, and Harry participating. A section of the stairs was broken.

"That started an argument with the landlady, who wanted the broken stairs paid for," concluded Harry. "So the young woman decided to go back to her old place, which meant more pick-a-back riding for the trunk. I got a seventy-five cent tip, but it was worth it. I felt like checking in and going to bed."

SEVENTY-FIVE cents, by the way, is not an unusual tip, even for plain, trunkless driving. But the one who gives it is generally a member of the working class or a business man whom liquor has made magnanimous.

"A lot of the new men play the rich fellows of the financial district," says Harry. "But not for me. The man who spends lots of dough is in the ten cent tipper class. You see, any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to hold on to it; and these brokers and professional fellows are wise. I remember one of the boys coming into the garage one night all excited. He'd been taking a La Salle Streeter home at four o'clock every afternoon for quite a while, and never once did he get a tip. The driver swore he was going to stick with that bird till he landed him. This evening he sings out:

"'Well, I nailed him! He put on a theater party tonight, and I car-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"The meter said one dollar and seventy cents, and what do you think old Santa Claus did? Gave me one dollar and seventy-five cents and told me to keep the change!"

J. R. HEAD. Kansas, who lives in a small town of 631 people. He has made as high as $69.50 in one day selling Comer Topcoats and Raincoats.

E. A. SWEET, an electrical engineer, is making from $600 to $1,200 a month and works only about four hours a day.

W. S. COOPER, of Ohio, who finds it easy to earn over $500 a month selling Comer Topcoats and Raincoats.

Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You $100 a Week?

I want to make you a special new offer whereby you can earn from $100 to $1,000 a month cash. And I am going to tell you how to get started immediately without waiting or delay.

You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

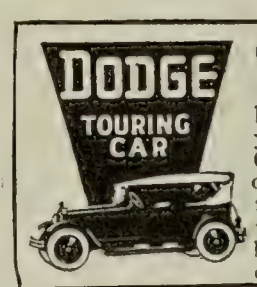
W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $16,800 in three years. Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40.00 a day?

A Clean, High-Grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer Topcoats and Raincoats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat. Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay our representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that money. All you do is take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only four average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you will make $100 a week.



GIVEN

In addition to your big earnings we offer you a Dodge Touring Car without a cent of cost, that you can use to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon NOW.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ried him and three extras. The meter said one dollar and seventy cents; and what do you think old Santy Claus did? Gave me one dollar and seventy-five cents and told me to keep the change!'

"I've kept pretty close record," Harry went on, "and I find that my tips average twenty cents a load. I haul about twenty loads a day. That, together with my percentage of the fares and my monthly bonus, gives me an average of ninety dollars a week for pushing a cab. I broke the company's record a while ago, knocking down one hundred and twelve dollars and eighty-seven cents in straight pay for one week and making in all about one hundred and ninety dollars. Last July I cleaned up nine hundred dollars, but that was an unusually good month.

"MY biggest tip? It was from a couple of men who were out celebrating. They hired me for a short haul—I don't believe the bill totaled over ninety-five cents—but they took care of me in advance. One of the men stood off and gave me the once over before getting into the cab.

"'I like that fellow's looks,' he said. 'I'm going to give him a tip right away, I am.' He handed me a twenty dollar bill.

"'You ain't putting anything over on me,' said his jovial friend, and he slipped me a twenty, too. Forty dollar tip! If I had objected they'd have been insulted; you know how these fellows are. Yet both men were of the type which normally hands out a dime!"

There are comic tragedies, too, in the taxicab man's career. Take the case of the driver who came out of a restaurant, with a toothpick in his jaws, at two o'clock in the morning, and found a forlorn looking man sitting in his cab. He was dressed in a suit of summer underwear and a straw hat.

"Take me down to the lake," he directed. "I'm going to commit suicide. Going to drown myself!"

"Not in that outfit," grinned the driver. "Go on back and get a bathing suit. Then maybe I'll haul you."

"HOLDUP?" repeated Harry to the interviewer's question. "Some of the boys have been stuck up by bandits who hire their taxi and then poke a gun against him when they come to a dark stretch of street. Myself, I've never had that happen.

"The nearest I ever came to it was one night when I drove two birds down to Forty-second and Calumet. Somehow or other I got a hunch just as they were getting out and reaching for their pockets; so I slipped the engine into gear in place of leaving her at neutral. And I was right. Instead of a bill, out came a gun, and at the same instant I just released the clutch and stepped on the gas. The door of the cab, which was still open, knocked both those stickups down. You should've heard them swear.

"It's funny, too," he went on, "that in all my years of driving that was the only fare I lost. One other time I almost did. That was after a fellow who'd taken my taxi just to make an impression on his girl had delivered her at her door.

"'Go south and drive slow,' he ordered when we pulled away again. I went slow for a couple of blocks, and then I sensed that something was wrong. Looking back, I saw that the door was open and the passenger gone. Then I knew why he wanted me to go so darned slow.

"Well, I turned around and headed for the nearest tracks. There I spied a street car going west about a block away. I came alongside and saw my smart boy sitting in a seat reading a paper. So I picked up the first cop I came to and had the fellow hauled off the car. He was so scared that he tipped me six bits."

THEN there was the time that Harry carried another young man and his girl on a journey which broke the boy's heart and ended financially low for Harry. And it was all the fair one's fault.

"At least half a dozen fellows have proposed in my cab—a half dozen, that is, who were so noisy about it that I couldn't help but be wise," said the veteran driver. "There's one of these lovelorn fellows I remember in particular. He had me tour clear up to Highland Park and back, and during the entire trip he pleaded with that girl to marry him. He seemed to be explaining why he was the man for her, and she put in her time telling him that he didn't fill the bill. Meanwhile I was gently praying for the young man to win, but my prayers didn't get by worth a nickel."

"What did you care if she took him?"

"I cared lots—just from a business standpoint, you understand. If she'd yessed him, experience has told me I'd've got the entire ten dollar bill. As it was, he carefully counted the one dollar and eighty-five cents I gave him in change and left me cold."

THE END

BEG YOUR PARDON

In the issue of Liberty which was published on July 19 last, the Princess Bibesco, author of Le Bureau de Poste, was credited with the authorship of The Society Ladder at Washington. Liberty erred inadvertently in making this statement. The Princess did not write The Society Ladder at Washington, and this is intended to correct the mistaken impression given by the original announcement.

"The real test of any man's greatness is in his own home," says Mr. Davison, who holds F. Trubee Jr. in this smiling group. In the arms of Mrs. Davison is the younger son, christened H. P.

An ENDOWED POLITICIAN

An Amazing Story of How the Late Henry P. Davison, a Partner in the House of Morgan, Created a Trust Fund of $6,500,000 in His Will So That His Eldest Son Could Be a Politician, Free of All Motives for Private Gain

An Interview with F. Trubee Davison

By F. D. BENHAM

Picture by WALTER FRANK

WHEN the will of Henry P. Davison, philanthropist and banker, was filed for probate two years ago in the office of the Surrogate of Nassau County, New York, it was disclosed that he had created a six and a half million dollar endowment fund whereby his eldest son, F. Trubee, might devote his life, unhampered, to public welfare in the field of politics.

Immediately all eyes were focused on the young man. What sort of person was he? Of what gauge were his sympathies and estimates? What was his outlook on life?

The young man withstood the ordeal with characteristic modesty and good sense. Squaring his shoulders, he smiled out on the world, as much as to say:

"I am only twenty-six, and I realize that the scale of years certainly must appear inadequate when matched with attending responsibility.

"But life has been very kind to me. I possess youth, bereft of its illusions yet with all the hopes and aspirations that make of it the golden age.

"I have but one purpose: To demonstrate the validity of an ideal which I call mine by right of heritage."

Young Mr. Davison is what interviewers technically refer to as "good copy." For the last two years he has been besieged by newspaper men, magazine writers, syndicate "feature" specialists, heads of lecture bureaus, social and civic betterment organizations, editors, publishers, fussy old women working on "moves in the right direction," fussier old men fathering reforms for various reasons, and by plain, ordinary "cranks," pleading with him to disseminate his views on politics, economics, ethics, biology, esoterics—anything, it made no difference what, so long as he would get up and talk.

To Mr. Davison's credit and as a tribute to his sound judgment, be it recorded, he refused to utter a word. He has been quoted, of course; and he has never taken the trouble to refute the implied validity contained in the quotation marks.

This interview is the first which bears the stamp of Mr. Davison's approval, having been submitted to him and later received his indorsement.

"I don't want to talk," said Mr. Davison, when I had explained to him what I wanted. He went on to say that he shares a sage's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

thought that when a man is not talking he isn't telling on himself and is listening to the other fellow, who is.

Listening has been called a lost art. It may be; but it doesn't hold good in his case. He can listen louder, longer, with more intensity and greater eloquence than any man I have ever encountered, and my contacts are widely diffused.

"You see," he resumed, after I had cajoled him into speech, "it's difficult for me to understand exactly why anything I should say to a magazine interviewer should be interesting or of the least value to anyone.

"MY chief claim to distinction at this time is that I am the son of the late Henry P. Davison, at one time head of the American Red Cross and one of the leading spirits in the banking house of J. P. Morgan. My father left me some money with which to carry out certain ideas which he and I shared with respect to public service. That's about all there is to it, isn't it? I haven't had time to do anything much in politics, as yet.

"The one thing that I can see that sets me apart from the ordinary run of young legislators is the fact that my father left me several millions of dollars with which to work. I didn't make the money. I had nothing whatever to do with its acquisition. It was thrown into my lap. In some quarters a thing like that is regarded as a handicap. In others it is interpreted as a benefit; but, either way, and aside from the money consideration, just where does my importance come in?"

I explained that his ideas, and not he himself so much, were important. I agreed with him that in his case the money was an accident — but, accidental or not, there it was, a great, big, golden fact; and facts can't be ignored.

"All right," he said, "take it from that viewpoint. You come to me and ask what are my aims. You talk about my ambitions—the things I hope to accomplish in politics. I answer you, and I am on record. Down in black and white.

"The time is going to come when I shall make a mistake. As Colonel Roosevelt used to say: 'There's no effort without shortcoming.' I'll come short. Being human, I'll blunder, despite all the good advice my friends give me; and when I do someone will come along, flash this interview on me, and say:

"'I thought you said you were going to get back of such and such a measure. I counted on your getting it across and, you see, you haven't kept your word. You're a disappointment!'"

Mr. Davison had quoted Roosevelt, so I went back at him with a sentiment from the same source as follows:

"It isn't the critic who counts. It isn't the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; because there is no effort without error."

Mr. Davison answered by saying that, of course, he didn't hope to please everyone.

"In that respect," he said, "I'll aim to strike as good an average as possible."

And then he took up his story where all good stories start, at the beginning; and it was noticeable that everything he said—every sentiment, idea, hope, ambition and wish he expressed, was shot through with the memory of his father.

"You see," he explained, "my father was a bit of a dreamer. I am using the word in its best sense. Any man who has a worthwhile accomplishment to his credit must have some of the dreamer in his makeup. He has first to conceive the vision before translating it into an actuality.

"MY father began life with no material benefits. He started as a poor boy and ended his days in affluence because the equipment with which God endowed him included not only grace to see the light, but also the strength to follow it. His energy was sufficient and well directed; and in any endeavor that spells success.

"My father was what is known as a successful man. In the public mind he is so regarded. But over and above that, he was a tremendous success in his own home; and to my way of thinking that's where the real test of any man's greatness lies. It isn't the acclaim the world bestows. It's the love and respect a man calls forth from those at his own fireside that counts."

Mr. Davison was graduated with honors at Yale and after serving in the war as an aviator, despite the fact he was still suffering from the effects of a fall in an airplane, he was given a year by his father in which to reach a decision regarding his life's work.

Was he to follow in the elder Davison's financial footsteps and enter the Morgan firm, or was he to travel another road toward which his father's inclination always bent and give himself to public life, service, and politics?

"Naturally," said Mr. Davison, "as a young fellow coming along, I hadn't the slightest idea in the world that my father was deliberately training my mind along certain set lines, inculcating his own ideas with respect to public serv-

ice. That was his watchword: Public good.

"All of us, rich and poor, are ordained to dispense good, each in his separate fashion. One man has wealth. Another has intellect. Sometimes they are combined. More often they are not, but the duty is there.

"I remember a wonderful statement made by Cardinal Gibbons at Easter time three years ago, just before his death. It was a message to young men. He pleaded with them to be tolerant, to forget the prejudices that separate, and to remember only the great common ties which bind us all together. And he said the reward would be in proportion to the service.

"The cardinal said he had seen men start out in life selfishly to get all they could get for themselves, and in the end they were baffled and puzzled. They couldn't understand why, with all their striving, they had been surpassed by men who apparently neglected their own selfish interests to render real service to other men as they went along."

MR. DAVISON said his father desired to do many things he was prevented from doing by circumstances. Mere money making had never had any prominent place in his scheme of things. He never regarded money, Trubee says, as an end in itself.

"If my father had followed his inclination he would have relinquished his position in the financial and the banking world and devoted the closing days of his life to public welfare. But he was a part of the business world. His withdrawal would have been a serious blow to others who had come to lean on his judgment; and so he played the game."

The elder Davison pointed out to his son that if he relinquished a financial career for that of politics he would be practically debarred from engaging in money making enterprises; for, in the opinion of the senior Davison, money making and politics should be widely separated.

"My father made it clear to me," says Trubee, "that provision would be made whereby I would be wealthy, but by no means unusually so. I was given to understand further that it would involve a sacrifice, since final success would have to depend upon the sincerity of disinterested and financially unrewarded effort; whereas, were I to become a banker, the money I controlled would make a great deal more for me."

Possessing unusual strength of character, simple tastes and habits, it did not take him long to decide. He renounced the business succession in favor of his younger brother, Henry P. Davison Jr., and matriculated at the law school at Columbia University. At the same time he stood for the assembly from the famous Oyster Bay-Glen Cove districts of Long Island and was elected, succeeding Theodore Roosevelt, now assistant secretary of the navy.

Mr. Davison went into politics before his public career was endowed. His father was deeply pleased with the choice. He regarded it as an unselfish act. It brought father and son even closer together; and they had been always on terms of unusual intimacy and confidence.

It was thus that the endowment originated—so that the boy might be provided with sufficient money to enable him to carry through his career, freed from the care of providing for himself and his family.

During his three terms as assemblyman he has won the respect of the bigger men in the Republican organization and has been admitted to the inner councils of the party.

He disclaims any definite ideas as to his political future—whether his ambition will run along State lines, with the Governorship in view, or whether he will enter the wider field of national politics, with a seat in Congress as a goal in the future.

He realizes, he says, that a political career will not always be a bed of roses, despite the absence of personal financial problems.

I asked him what he is working toward, and he said:

"My chief desire is to know any job I have undertaken has been accomplished intelligently and that I have done the best I know how. I am too young in years and in political experience to enunciate dictums or policies. I do know that the job I am doing now is the most interesting thing in my life."

MR. DAVISON is undoubtedly sincere, with the enthusiasm of youth in his chosen work. I tried to get him to discuss personalities in the political world, but he refused.

"In my position today," he said, "that would be as foolish a piece of procedure as guessing weights and ages."

There does not seem to be much doubt as to his having inherited those traits of farsightedness, judgment, and poise which made his father such a noteworthy figure in the financial world.

Trubee has a most engaging personality. In many ways he is a second edition of his father, having the same ruddy, handsome lines to his face. He is entirely unspoiled. He is a lover of outdoor life and is still able to play tennis in doubles, despite the partial paralysis which resulted from his fall in an airplane.

He has no idea that money will prove an open sesame to future and higher political office.

"I am not the only man in politics with money," he says. "I realize that I shall have to prove my worth in the job. Money makes me master of my own ideals. That's about all it can do for me, as I see it."

I told him I had heard an old political reporter remark that he, Davison, would probably flivver in the long run because he had never been taught to think independently.

"If he honestly thinks so, why shouldn't he say it?" Mr. Davison asked. "My performance must be such that I can disabuse that reporter's mind, or anyone else's mind, of such an idea."

HE says that politics claimed his attention as far back as he can remember.

"Certainly you can't read history," he says, "without being impressed with the public service which can be rendered by an individual who will hold public office and devote his best efforts and intelligence to a constructive development of government."

"Do you think," I asked him, "that in politics a person of independent means has any definite advantage over a man of moderate means or over a poor man?"

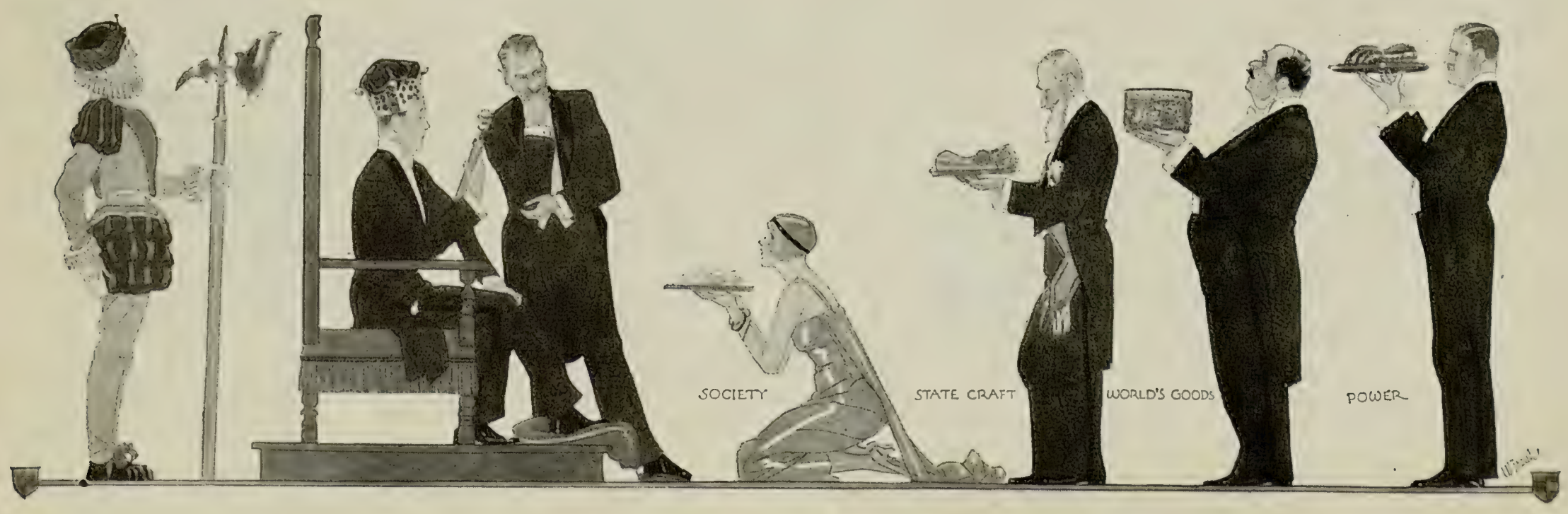
"I think," replied Mr. Davison, "that a person of independent means has some very distinct advantages. First of all, he undoubtedly has the opportunity to equip himself more effectively from the intellectual standpoint. Then, also, he is immune from the temptations which often surround men having political influence. I think a man of independent means, in politics, can be definitely more independent as a public servant because he is not relying on his office as a livelihood."

I asked him if he advocated other young men of wealth following his example.

"You bet I do!" he replied, emphatically. "They could hardly render a better service. It is essentially and fundamentally a human job. The very fact you need laws and governments means that the rights of somebody have been trespassed upon. Consequently your task is to see to it, in so far as you can, that every person, high and low, has an equal and fair chance to make his way and enjoy his life."

In April, 1918, while an instructor in the aviation forces, young Davison married Miss Dorothy Peabody, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Endicott Peabody. Mr. Peabody is headmaster of Groton School, where Mr. Davison prepared for college. The Davison home is on the Davison estate at Peacock Point, Glen Cove.

THE END



"You! Come here!" called the voice. Big Pete was shouting at him—Wassily!

The STRAW BOSS

By H. M. HAMILTON

Pictures by EUGENE HUTCHISON

IT was early evening; the dust and smoke and acrid fumes that swirled in the humid wind across the loading yard made it seem later than it really was. Blue electric lights splintered the dusk, and here and there in the murk loomed up strange shapes: skeleton runways on which cranes were trundling, a-straddle of a whole row of railway tracks in the pit where Wassily Varvara worked.

Everything in the mill troubled Wassily—the cranes most of all. Perhaps that was because it was with the cranes that he had the most to do.

There were two of them in the tin bar section of the mill, where the bloom—after it had been rolled out from the ingot—was flattened out by micrometer gauge rolls into strips of steel the fraction of an inch thick, and not many inches wide, but long—nearly as long as a freight car. It was the business of the bar piler to attend to these blue and pink hot ribbons of steel as they came direct from the rolls.

The bar piler was the crane that usually worked above Wassily's head. It had long, curved talons, and its scope extended from the shears to the piling yard. Wassily feared it more than he feared the magnet crane; the magnet crane ran on the same ways, but the most of its work was farther up the yard, and Wassily had little to do with it. Assuredly it was the bar piler which mattered.

He feared it—his soul, fresh from the little village near Lodz, which had been his home until six short months ago, could only with difficulty accustom itself to this new labor—in a pit beside which those immense, shimmering heaps of hot steel constantly loomed, brought there by the bar piler's tireless labors. Yet, though he feared the bar piler, it fascinated him as well.

He would stand and watch its delicate dexterity, its infinity of strength as it lifted daintily its ton load of scarce cooled steel, then put the bars with incredible precision just on top of the last ones—without a sound, without the faintest jolt, so that they rested firm and steady on the ones below, scarce needing the two upright rods of steel—one at either end of the outside pile—to keep them in place.

After that incredible feat the same crane would trundle to the cooled bars in another pile and swing them with the same careless ease down into the freight cars where Wassily worked.

Here his skill as a carpenter came in. He arranged and nailed down the strips of two by four skid bracing upon which the long bars were to rest as in a cradle for their final voyage to the tinning mills. This framework had to be neat and strong, so that the bars could be loaded high in the car, and it had to hold them clear of the floor, so that another crane might—at the journey's end—slip its supple fingers under the whole structure and lift it out as deftly as it had been put in.

For only three days he had been doing this particular work—not very hard work it is true, but exacting. His cheeks felt scorched by the nearness of that high towering stack of bars on the cooling beds; his lungs were choked with the sulphurous air of the mill, and his ears rang from the clamor about him—the shriek of the narrow gauge engines that ran here and there; the hoarse, dull, gasping puff of the reversing engines that turned the rolls; the hollow clank, as of a piece of metal pounded with an immense hammer, when the ingots crashed into the rolls and flattened out under the irresistible force of those jaws of hardened steel.

THESE things oppressed him, because they were strong, and harsh, and merciless, and because he was in a strange land, homesick for the simple things he understood: for the desolation and the poverty, even, of his Polish village, racked by war and depopulated by disease as it was. His heart hurt him: a dull pain; and he often paused to stare up at the bar piler above his head with an angry look in his eyes.

A small man, spare, white, and pinched of face, with haggard lines in his cheeks; stony, pale eyes whose pupils were contracted to mere pin points; a fierce wisp of straw colored mustache that twisted across his wooden looking face. A stern man, and no longer young—that was Wassily.

Yet within his heart was

A Dramatic Short Story of the Steel Industry, Whose Climax Is a Cry of Death That Sounds Above the Raucous Clamor of the Mill

no sternness, only a sort of fear of these forces—too strong for him, too strong for any man—which hemmed him about and threatened him. If it were not for Sofya—for Stanislas . . .

With a quick tenderness his gaze strayed to the other crane, in itself a machine even more terrifying than the one over his head, for, look you! *it* browsed about without sign of hook or grapple or chain, yet iron and scrap followed it and clung to it! It held them all and ran down the runway with them, dropping them when and where it listed! He would fear it, too, more than the first if it were not for his brother, in the cab up there!

The magnet crane ran on the same ways as the bar piler, since it had its task of loading as well as the other. Like an eagle it came soaring up the yard, with lumpy bloom cobbles—rough cubes sliced from the ends of the steel ingot after the first pressing—or bar crops, the scrap from the next process, until it came to a stop above one of the cars. Then—his brother Stan up there in the cab touched a lever and the scrap clattered down into the car.

So it was; over his head, first one and then the other, all night long, since he was on the night turn. And Sofya was to bring his lunch pail, with warm coffee in it, to the gate before midnight! That was good; he would see Sofya!

A great, a terrible life! Yet in one night he earned what he might work two weeks for in Poland. With his wages he could buy pretty things for Sofya, bright scarfs, clothes of many colors, and glittering bracelets.

"HEY—you there!" A hoarse voice came bellowing down from the platform. "What you do there—hey?"

Wassily looked up, bewildered. He had only one desire—to propitiate whatever it was that could speak to him in such a fearsome voice. Ah, he knew who it was! Big Pete. Stan had pointed out Big Pete.

"Don't let Big Pete get anything out of you," Stan had warned him. Pete, the Straw Boss; the intermediary between the American foreman and the workmen who, like himself, had little or no English.

But Big Pete was shouting at *him*—Wassily! Perhaps it was because he had been idle. He pretended to busy himself; he tapped at nails already driven in to the head. If he could seem desperately occupied perhaps Big Pete would go away!

"You! Come here!" called the voice.

Pale with terror, Wassily climbed out of his car and up to the loading pier. Then he stood trembling before the Straw Boss.

"You—what your name, eh?"

Wassily understood. He found his brass check, which hung on a leather strap on his belt, and held it up for Pete to see. "Wassily Varvara," he murmured.

"Wassily?" Pete pondered the name. "You Polish? *Jestes Polski?*"

"Yes, *panie*," said Wassily, using the title given to gentle folk.

"Ah——" And Big Pete's voice swung into the consonantal flow of Wassily's mother tongue, so soft and melodious in the speaking. Big Pete spoke five or six languages, but Wassily's ear was not to be deceived—and his terror fell from him. Big Pete was Polak, too; that is to say a friend and a brother!

"That is good," the Straw Boss was saying. "I myself"—he patted his big chest—"I am from the suburb of Wola, in *Warszawa*."

Wassily smiled, though with diffidence. He was still in awe of Big Pete, of that broad red face, the thick neck and shoulders, and green eyes that followed Wassily's every movement as the eyes of a cat prospecting for its prey.

"Listen, brother," Big Pete was saying in a voice that purred. "You are a new man here. You do not know our customs, eh? Perhaps you do not even know about me——" But Wassily nodded. "So? Then you know that I am boss, eh?"

"Yes, *panie*, I know."

"Very well. Since I am boss, I can help you. Or I can make it hell for you. That depends. It depends on how much you give me—ten, or fifteen, or twenty dollars, maybe. That is because I am boss. I hold you in my hand. And it is the custom here." He made a significant little gesture with thumb and finger.

Wassily felt a greater terror than before enter his heart. His eyes lifted involuntarily toward the scrap crane, now tooling noisily down the ways with a ragged collection of odds and ends clinging to it. The look reassured him. Stan was there! So he said:

"*Nie, panie!* No, sir! I cannot. I am a poor man. I do not have money to give to you. All the money I make I need for my woman, Sofya, and for my little baby. That is the truth, *panie*."

"Aha!" said Pete, swelling with anger. There was a silence between them, in which all the noises of the mill seemed a hundredfold louder. Wassily trembled before the flood of wrath in his face.

"Nay, be not angry, *panie!*" he cried in a choking voice. "It is not my fault. It is my brother's counsel. He says to me: 'If one asks you for money, say to him, "I have no money." For it is not needful to give money to hold this job of yours.' So said my brother."

"O!" Pete breathed the exclamation softly. "And who is this wise counseling brother of yours, Wassily?"

"There!" Wassily pointed overhead proudly to the magnet crane. "He sits there, and that devil machine does as he tells it. He is a great man. He has been in this mill for a long time. It was he who brought me here."

"Oho!" repeated the Straw Boss. "So that is the brother who says not to give me a little money in friendship! Ah, well!" he sighed. "Tell me, Wassily," he added, "where do you live?"

Wassily told him eagerly. He was anxious to propitiate this godlike boss. He told him more of Sofya—and of the baby. Pete smiled.

"Stay here," he told Wassily. "It is not allowed to leave this work, even for a minute. But I myself will bring you your pail from the gate. If I do that you must tell me how I shall know this woman of yours."

Wassily described her: young, pretty, brown eyed, wearing a purple scarf most likely over her neatly parted brown hair.

"Enough! I shall know her," said Pete. "Get to work!" He spat, turned his back, and was gone.

Sofya

An hour or so later Pete called down again to Wassily, holding out, for him to see, a lunch pail Wassily knew for his own. Pete was grinning. At that sign of good humor Wassily grinned, too. Pete reached the bucket down into the car; his other hand held to a strip of skid lumber to steady himself. As Wassily came close Pete's face was thrust into his, lips drawn back over yellow fangs in a horrible leer.

"That woman of yours, Wassily Varvara," he said, "she is much too pretty for you. I think—yes, I think I shall take her for myself!"

"How is that you say, *panie?*" Wassily stammered.

"She is the kind of woman that pleases me," said Pete, and he smacked his lips. Then the flood gates of his wrath seemed to be lifted all at once.

"You fool! You clodhopper!" he cried, in a burst of animal passion that made Wassily draw back amazed. "Do you suppose that I shall let you laugh at me—you? Do you think you can refuse me my customary little present—and boast of it afterward? Do you imagine I will allow such insolence? Bah! I have ways to break any man who resists me. I have ways to break you. I break a man at his weakest point. Yours is Sofya! And I like Sofya. So tonight, while you are still at work, I shall go to see this woman of yours. Already she likes me; she will be glad to see me. It is understood between us; do you hear, peasant?"

HE laughed harshly. And Wassily felt something primeval break loose within him. He was no longer afraid; he was a lion of bravery.

"You say that about Sofya?" he said in a low, hurrying voice. "Then I have this to tell you—you are a swine—and a liar—and a knave, *panie*. Yes, you are all of those things, and more!"

The grin never left Pete's lips. But he looked around him. Just above, like a huge bird, the magnet crane hung poised, with a motley of scrap sticking out in the fashion of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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*City*_____ *State*_____ I-L

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

porcupine quills from it. For the rest, there was in the obscurity scarcely anyone visible, save as vague shadows. The way was clear. So Pete moved—swiftly, savagely; the piece of skid lumber in his big hand whirled in an uninterrupted sweep over his head and down, crashing fair on Wassily's forehead. Wassily fell without a murmur, crumpling down into a little heap at the bottom of the freight car.

Then Pete thrust the strip of wood back into the lumber pile. He bent and picked up an odd piece of bloom scrap as big as a man's head, throwing it into the car beside Wassily. Then he turned and called out in his big voice:

"Hey!"

Several of the vague figures came running out of the dimness.

"Man hurt," said Pete. A foreman pushed his way through the crowd.

"What is wrong, Pete?" he demanded sharply.

"New man," explained Pete. He picked up the heavy lump of scrap. "I tell him watch out. He no watch. Now, you see; that hit him! It fall from up there." And he indicated the magnet crane.

"Well," said the foreman impatiently. "Let's get him up out of that! Pete, run for a stretcher!"

"THE Recording Angel himself couldn't find out how it really happened," said a half angry, half mystified superintendent an hour later, coming out of the emergency hospital. "Pete swears that he was near—that he saw the chunk fall. And he has a half dozen men who swear they saw the same thing. I don't think they did. But those Bohunks stick together. We'll have to take their word for it, I guess. No; he isn't dead yet—might as well be, though."

Wassily came to his senses just before he died the next morning. He opened his eyes upon the immaculate poverty of his little house, upon Sofya's agonized sweet face at the foot of the bed, upon the black robed figure of the priest holding a crucifix aloft. He motioned to his brother Stanislas, who stood dry eyed at the bedside.

"Stan?"

"Yes, brother."

"Pete did it."

"Yes, brother."

"You are my brother, Stan . . ."

Then the pin point eyes closed; the priest raised the crucifix higher and chanted in Latin. Sofya fell on her knees. It was over.

"YOU that fellow's brother that was killed?" Big Pete spoke to Stanislas in English. Stan had just come around the end of the cooling beds, his lunch basket in one hand, a metal saw in the other.

"Yes, boss."

"That was too bad." Pete's voice sounded sympathetic. "I only have him couple of nights—then bang!—down come a piece of scrap. It is a pity." His eyes fell upon the saw; he pointed to it suspiciously. "Where you get that, eh?"

"Over by the storeroom. The boss tell me to. It is a job in my cab I have fixed. Now I take it back."

"O, all right. But I tell you, it is too bad about that brother of yours."

"Maybe it was his fault, boss. He is new, he does not look out," said Stan. "I have seen many men killed because they do not look out. That is all right." Stan's eyes were like pin pricks, but he smiled as he moved away. Pete sighed with relief.

"I am glad you know how it is. All the same, it is a damn shame. He has a nice wife. He himself was a nice fellow. Good-by."

He waved his hand. Stan took his tool back to the storeroom, then came back and mounted to his little cab in the magnet crane.

It was chilly in the mill that night. The winds had turned wintry and the piling yard offered them full sweep, since the wooden sides which later would protect it had not yet been put into place. Big Pete stood on the loading pier and shouted to his men down in the cars. But from time to time he came to warm his hands at the stack of cooling bars that towered high above his head.

"B-r-r!" he grumbled comfortably inside himself.

Then he heard it—the magnet crane whirring just above him like a bird of prey; he looked up blankly to see a white face peering down. Then the magnet began to peck wildly, unaccountably, at the stack of blue and pink hot tin bars. The stack swayed, bellied out toward the magnet; for the upright steel rods were not able to hold it—they had been neatly sawed almost through at the base.

A moment the stack hung poised in midair above Pete's head. Then it crashed . . .

THERE was nothing left—only a twisted heap of half cooled bars on the ground . . . a scream . . . a puff of smoke that might have been a man's soul. Nothing to bury . . .

"And the damned funny thing about it is," complained the superintendent, "that this time—like the last—those men in the pit are all willing to swear, to a man, that they saw the accident. But this time they swear that the crane was nowhere near. I'm at my wits' end; those hunkies stick together—there's simply no getting at the truth from any of them!"

As to Sofya, she mourned for a while, then she married Stanislas. One had to belong to somebody; if not to Wassily, then to someone else. If Big Pete had lived—but she had not liked Big Pete; she preferred Stan. He was Wassily's brother, and he came from her own place. Life was sorrowful, but it was not impossible, if you took it simply, like that . . .

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

See Them First—Don't You?

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John, who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town."

"Alwight," agreed Nancy, "we has two ice cream parlors, I specks you want to see them first, don't you?"—D. L., Boone, Ia.

* * *

Patent Your Baby!

A new baby girl had arrived in the family and the little brother thought her so wonderful he said to his mother: "Do you know, mother, we ought to have Betty Ann patented so no one can have one like her."—Mrs. J. O., Iowa City, Ia.

Peach Trees in Your Tummy!

Little Hilda was warned not to eat any peach kernels, "because of the poison they contained." A few hours later she saw our neighbor's little boy eat some peach kernels. She jumped up and called out: "O, Jimmy, don't eat them, don't eat them, mother says they turn your tummy upside down."

Jimmy: "Aw—go on; how'd they do it."

Whereupon Hilda drew upon her imagination: "They grow peach trees in your tummy, that's what they do!"—M. K., Chicago.

These He-Men

Dwight came in a wreck from a fight with a boy who lived on the alley.

"Dwight, I don't want you to fight," I said sternly. "Come here and let's talk it over."

"All right," he agreed at once, "but it is your want-to against my want-to, 'cause that boy's jest naturally a kid you couldn't help fightin' yourself if you were boy made."—J. R., Ames, Ia.

* * *

Brawn vs. Brain

Jimmie and Bobby (twins), seven years old, brought home their first report card. Their mother said: "Bobby, your report is not as good as Jimmie's." Bobby said: "I know it. But I can clean any of the guys in school."—J. R., Appleton, Wis.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 49

ROBERT D. EMSLIE

BARRY McCORMICK
International Photo

HANK O'DAY
P. & A. Photo

WILLIAM GUTHRIE

BILL BYRON

Did You Ever Find Out

What BALL PLAYERS *Really Say to* UMPS?

JACK SHERIDAN

TIM HURST

They Wave Their Arms—Stamp Their Feet—Look Ferocious—But What Are the Words They Use? Half a Dozen Big League Umpires Furnished the Material for This Laughable Article

By HUGH FULLERTON

Cartoon by RAYMOND SISLEY

PANTOMIME has largely replaced profanity in baseball. You see a player step back from the plate, drop his bat, kick the dirt, shake his head vigorously and move his lips.

"Dat's right, Jamesy, tell him what he is," you yell encouragingly and turn to your companion and say:

"Jimmy's de boy—he won't let none of dem rotten, blind eyed umps get away with nothin' when he's hittin'."

As a matter of fact, what James, the batter, said to the umpire was:

"Don't you think that one might have missed the corner?"

I sat one morning recently with the charter members of the Fence Climbers' Union, as the umpires of professional baseball call themselves, in the presence of Hank O'Day, Bob Emslie, Frank Wilson, Barry McCormick of the National League and Bill Carpenter and Gomer James of the International, and we began discussing the changes in the relations between umpires, players, and the public.

"I have to listen to truck drivers to feel natural nowadays," remarked the veteran O'Day. "I haven't heard anyone cuss anything but his luck or himself for so long I begin to think the old business has changed."

"The only fellow who has told me my eyes were wrong in the last ten years," Emslie remarked, "was an eye specialist, who warned me to use them carefully. In the old days, if there were eighteen men on each club it meant that thirty-six ball players were saying I was blind—and inviting the public to help him say it."

"It's a softer world," said Carpenter. "Of course, in the International League we have to let the boys go a little more freely than you fellows in the big leagues do, but even so——"

and he sighed. Then we sat and talked of the "good old days" when a ball game was not a ball game unless some player jumped on the feet of the umpire with his spikes, unless the crowd chased the umpire over the center field fence, or unless a select delegation of home fans dropped bulldogs out of the stand and yelled "Sick him."

Umpiring has changed. Instead of being Ishmaelites, the umpires today are the kings. It has changed since Jack Sheridan told his famous story.

JACK was playing in the Western League, and was one of the greatest infielders when he was signed by Oakland to play in the Coast League. Oakland was having a run of hard luck, losing four out of every five games; but every day the fans were cheered by the news that Sheridan, "the great Sheridan," was coming. Not since that other Sheridan started on that ride from Winchester has any community waited as anxiously as Oakland did for Jack.

The great day came; Sheridan arrived, and that afternoon Jack played shortstop, made five errors, and lost the game. The crowd swarmed over the field and Sheridan, seeing them coming, turned and fled. The crowd, bent upon securing his life blood, pursued with wild yells. On and on Sheridan fled, panting, with the maddened mob pursuing him. Darkness fell, but Sheridan ran on and on and finally, exhausted, he dropped at the foot of a tree.

In the morning he arose and

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crept away. For days he subsisted upon barks and berries, and then came upon a lumber camp and sought employment. The gang boss gave him an ax and set him to work chopping down a huge redwood. Jack never had cut down a tree. He went around and around that redwood all day, like an Indian with a tomahawk. At dusk the boss came with teams of oxen to drag in the redwood logs. He discovered that Sheridan had not even cut down one. The boss raved and cursed him as a loafer, and they were starting to fight when the wind blew down the redwood and crushed both oxen.

The boss, mad with fury, sprang toward Jack with ax upraised. With a scream, Sheridan turned and fled toward the depths of the redwood forest. Skulking by day and hiding by night, he fled on and on, avoiding habitations and sleeping in underbrush. Then, one day, worn out and discouraged, he sat upon a fallen log and meditated.

"Here I am," he said to himself, "despised, hated, pursued—with every man's hand against me, my very life in danger. What shall I do?"

Presently an idea came to him.

"Why," he demanded of himself, "why shouldn't I make a great umpire?"

In that way, Jack declared, he found his life calling.

"IT is all changed," Barry McCormick remarked sadly, forgetting the days when he barked and bit at umpires.

"In the old days, if we didn't like an umpire's decisions someone on the team told him about it. When I was with 'Pop' Anson's old team Anson did all the kicking, except when someone—Dahlen or Lange or Kittridge—broke loose spontaneously.

"At that time the old Baltimore and Cleveland clubs were the great umpire fighters, and what they said to an umpire was enough to curl hair. It was a battle all the time; an umpire who could not give as good as he received was chased out.

"I remember once Tim Hurst called Jake Stenzel out at second and Jake rushed at him, yelling, 'You blink, blank, blinkety blink blank, what am I out for?'

"'You're out, you blump, blink, blankety yellow blink,' Tim said, quietly, 'because I called you out, and I don't give a blink blank blinkety blink blank whether you were out or not,' and that settled it."

Which started everyone on one of those "Do you remember?" sessions. We told the story of how Old Ned Swartwood tried to drown John McGraw, who had hit him on the jaw, by throwing him into the creek back of the grandstand, and many yarns of Tim Hurst, of Bill Byron, the singing "ump," and of other famous arbiters of the fighting days.

Hurst yarns are always good. I remember the first time I ever saw him. It was in a series between teams from Youngstown, Ohio, and Newcastle, Pennsylvania. I was catching a wild left hander with a fast hook curve, and a bandy-legged little man was working back of me. I didn't notice him until the third inning, when a curve ball flashed straight into the heart of the plate and he yelled, "Two balls!" I swung around angrily and yelled, "What?" He stepped right against me, planted one spiked shoe on my instep, shoved a hand under the protector, and grabbed a handful of flesh and skin in a vise-like grip.

"You fresh busher," he hissed, "I'll pinch a cancer in ye!" which settled that.

Today even reflections upon the eyesight of an umpire are out of place and cause for drastic punishment. In the old days calling an umpire a blind bat was considered merely as proof that the player lacked inventive faculties, imagination, and vocabulary.

John McGraw once called Bob Emslie a blind bat, and Bob, instead of getting angry, doffed his mask and said:

"Mac, I'll tell you what I'll do. Meet me here in the morning. I'll bring a rifle. We'll put an apple on second base, stand at home plate, and I'll bet you my year's wages I'll hit it twice as often as you will."

McGraw did not accept, as Emslie is one of the best shots in the country.

"THOSE days are all gone," said Barry. "In the old days no one was worse than John McGraw in abusing and fighting umpires. You don't see him doing it now, and he doesn't allow his ball players to kick. He tells them they are out there to play ball and forbids them to battle the umps.

"The players and managers have learned that the man who gets chased out of a game is hurting his team. In pennant races, where one game may decide the season, the loss of a star player for even a day may wreck the chances of the team. The players like their money, and they have it. It isn't like the old days Jack Sheridan used to tell about."

We all roared with laughter, recalling Jack's story.

It seems that, after his famous flight through the redwood forests, Jack was umpiring on the coast. The Coast League was losing money. Salaries were in arrears, and the Eastern players were wondering how they ever would get past the "Rocky Mountain handicap." No one had more than enough money to buy a meal or two a day, and the clubs were doling out meal money.

Sheridan was having trouble, naturally. He fined and fined the players.

"That'll cost you a hundred!" he would cry.

"Make it a thousand and see if you can collect it," was the invariable reply.

Sheridan was desperate. A big fellow named Elliott had been "riding" him in every game and had been fined five or six thousand dollars—and laughed, because he did not have a cent.

One day Jack came on the field with his jaw set with determination. Before the third inning Elliott was abusing and threatening, kicking on every decision. Jack walked straight to the big fellow, jerked the player's meal ticket out of his shirt pocket, pulled out a punch he had borrowed, and punched eighty-five cents out of it before Elliott pleaded for mercy.

"I've only chased one player for swearing in the last two years," added McCormick. "A curve ball cut the heart of the plate and I called it a strike. The player cut loose a violent oath. 'Out of here!' I ordered. 'Off the field.' 'I wasn't cussing you, Mac,' the player said. 'I had a signal to hit and let that one go; I was cussing myself.' If I had not already tipped the crowd by signaling him off the field I'd have let him stay, but I had to go through with it."

"Nine out of ten players who kicked and swore," O'Day remarked, "did it to alibi themselves. The managers got too wise. The other players stand around and laugh when a player who knows he is to blame tries to alibi by blaming the umpire. The moment the presidents of the leagues backed the umpires up when they punished the rowdies, rowdyism began to subside."

"The public had a lot to do with changing things," said Bill Carpenter, veteran of many years in the big leagues, now working in the International. "The public got wise to the alibi gang and hooted players who tried to shift the blame on the umpire. They're getting wise even in the minors—and the players hate to be ridiculed. The public usually is with the umpire now, instead of against him."

"Remember what McGraw said to you, Bob?" inquired James, laughing. Which brought the story illustrating how different the real conversation on the ball field is from what the crowd in the stands thinks.

One evening in New York a group of baseball men were fanning and started joking Sam Crane, the veteran baseball writer, about how bad a batter he was when he played ball. Sam stood the joking for a time and then remarked:

"Well, I'll admit I was a pretty rotten hitter, but every time Bob Emslie pitched I got three hits, and that was all I needed to keep up my batting average."

The next day Emslie was umpire at the plate in a close game, and McGraw was coaching at third. Emslie called out one of the Giants in a close decision at the plate. Instantly McGraw, purple of face, rushed to Emslie. The crowd, gathering the idea that the decision was wrong, was hooting and yelling at the umpire.

"Go back! Go back out there!" yelled Bob.

"A minute, Bob," Mac shouted. "I don't want you to think I'm kicking—I'm not. I think you were perhaps right. I——"

He was close to Emslie by that time and, putting his face close to that of the arbiter, apparently wild with fury, he said:

"Sam Crane says every time you pitched he made three hits."

He was indignant when Emslie chased him out of the game. His defense, of course, was that he "didn't say a word" to the umpire. (They never do.) But McGraw had accomplished his purpose, which was to convince the crowd that the umpire was wrong in his decision.

"WELL, they say enough to me even now over in the 'Int,'" remarked James, "but I don't mind so long as they don't try to show me up to the crowd. A fellow can dispute my decisions and call me a blind bat if he wants to, but if he starts waving his arms, shaking his head, or stepping back out of the box, then I check him up. I chase them unless it is evident they want to be chased."

"None of those fellows who try to get put out of games has worked me yet," laughed McCormick. "Whenever I see one of them is trying to get put out I say to myself, 'Old Boy, you stay in here and work.'

"I learned that when I was a kid playing alongside of Bill Dahlen. Bill used to like the races. He went to Hank O'Day one day before a game and said, 'Hank, if I call you a blink blankety blank Irish blank in the first inning will you chase me?' Hank gave one of those quick laughs of his and said: 'Bill, you can call me anything you want to today, but you can't go to those races.' So Bill surrendered and never noticed Hank all afternoon."

As "Bull" Guthrie remarked when he was appointed a major league umpire, "Say, what is dis? Dem guys call me 'Mister Umpire,' and say 'Excuse me' if dey step on me feet. I ain't had a fight since I been in the league, and Mister Johnson says to me—to me, mind you!—'Mister Guthrie, you got to be a gent, on and off de ball field.'"

"O, well," Bull added, yawning, "he ain't wise to me yet—I kept me mouth shut all de time he was talkin'."

THE END

ORIS *and* MANTIS

The Inspiring Story of the Silent Brothers Van Sweringen of Cleveland, Who Started Their Careers as Newspaper Carriers and Now, in Their Forties, Are Masters of 11,000 Miles of Railroads Valued at $1,000,000,000

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Oris
Van Sweringen

Mantis
Van Sweringen

ASK your neighbor for his opinion about the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. The chances are worth betting on that he will reply, "Who?" And you, priding yourself upon being a little more observant and, either accidentally or otherwise, a closer student of current affairs, will say something like this:

"Why, the Van Sweringens. You know; those two brothers in Cleveland who are buying up all those railroads, and getting rich, and—and—O, you must have seen something about them in the papers some time ago."

And then you may flounder around in a valiant effort to demonstrate that you know something about these two men other than their last name.

The prevailing opinion of the Van Sweringen brothers is that they are reclusive to the point of the forbidding, that they are two dour men intent only on amassing millions of dollars and thousands of miles of railroad.

And this is a perfectly natural conclusion for the newspapers and their public. A hundred reporters have marched up Van Sweringen hill, armed with a burning curiosity and a firm determination, only to march down again without having talked to the brothers, extracting what solace they might out of the courteousness of the refusal.

THESE brothers are not reclusive; you may behold them at their offices any day, apparently the most approachable of human beings; but as for interviewing them, what are you going to do about men who will say:

"Our business affairs are open to you. You may get all such material you require from the office of the secretary. But we do not consider we have anything to say of a personal nature which would interest the public."

Just what are you going to do about that? The reporter goes back to his editor and tells him it would be just as easy to get a good long heart to heart interview with the Queen Mother of England or to induce Charles Evans Hughes, United States Secretary of State, to name the ten prettiest girls in Washington. You can report that Mantis James Van Sweringen wears suspenders, and that his brother, Oris Paxon, doesn't smoke cigarets, and that both of them are getting a little heavy for horseback riding.

But there you stop. The Van Sweringens have listened to you, but when it comes your turn to listen all you hear is:

"We are very sorry to have to ask you to excuse us from answering."

However, they do it so nicely that you depart rather on good terms with yourself and them. After all, you know, one's personal affairs are one's personal affairs.

THEY are reasonably young men—Oris is forty-four and Mantis is forty-two. They are bachelors. Society does not intrigue them. They suggest brooding; much silence, even between themselves; long mental battles with intricate problems. They are so much alike in all things that in this article they are being dealt with as one.

It is told of a young banker of Chicago that he was a guest at the Van Sweringen home over one week-end. Temperamentally, the guest is the antithesis of the brothers; a go-getter with cymbals on his golden heels. The girls regard his dancing as divine. He prefers the Follies to Macbeth, and Bud Fisher and Sidney Smith to Whistler and Reynolds. You know the kind?

"I never heard such organized silence in my life," said he, discussing his two days at Shaker Heights; "but, by John Rogers, I enjoyed every second of it."

The Van Sweringens' distaste for publicity was demonstrated supremely when they built their own electric railway rather than let the old Cleveland traction company thwart their purpose to make Shaker Heights an accessible suburb.

The city council, the mayor, the newspapers, and the populace in general had decided that service on the new line should be inaugurated with high ceremony. The brothers, however, decided there would be no celebration. They finished the road without letting Cleveland know about it.

One morning the Van Sweringens rode over the route on a tour of inspection. No sooner had that trial trip ended than full service began, and that was that.

Until a few years ago the name of Van Sweringen meant nothing outside of Cleveland. Today the brothers control eleven thousand miles of railroad properties, including the Chesapeake and Ohio, the New York, Chicago and St. Louis (the Nickel Plate), and the Hocking Valley Railroad.

The latest railroad acquisition of the two men is the Erie system. Formal announcement of this addition to their growing lines has not been made; nevertheless, it is fact. This transaction puts the Van Sweringen railroad holdings in the billion dollar class, the lines they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Velvet Grip

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George Frost Company, Boston

Also makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men.

GFT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

now control representing a figure well above that.

Amalgamation of these great properties into one colossal system is at this moment under way. Within a matter of days the billion-dollar merger will have been accomplished, bringing the unified lines under single control with Cleveland headquarters. For good measure the Van Sweringens throw in a $77,000,000 Union Station and terminal. Its first steel may go up any day now.

BUT this account of the silent Van Sweringens must not be a statistical review. Such figures are set forth just to illustrate why these men of obscure origin should today be compared with Harriman, Hill, Vanderbilt, and other great railroad builders and operators.

They were born of farmer folk, not far from Cleveland. Oris struck out first and made for Cleveland. Mantis followed him. Together they delivered newspapers to the farmers who at that time occupied Shaker Heights. Then Oris attached himself to a real estate office and Mantis followed him.

In 1905, when Oris was twenty-six and Mantis twenty-four, they decided to work for themselves. Once again they trudged, side by side, over Shaker Heights, but this time without their newspapers. A Buffalo syndicate owned 1,500 acres of beautiful land—had owned it for eighteen years, but had done little to develop it. The brothers induced the syndicate to let them try to market the heights and Shaker Village.

It was the brothers' idea, and a good one, that the heights could be sold if "representative" men could be induced to invest money in the land. They urged small moneyed persons to buy at twenty-five dollars a foot frontage.

"You may pay but a little of this down," the brothers said, "and we will carry you until you are able to sell for thirty dollars."

The plan worked. The farmers of Shaker Heights had the sensation of seeing their former newsboys absorb the tract, and they, like more experienced business men, shook their heads and called the Van Sweringens wild dreamers.

"What," they demanded, "is the use of trying to make a homesite out of Shaker Heights when there are no transportation lines to the city?"

The traction magnates repeated the question, slightly altered.

"Why should we extend our lines to your property?" they sneered, "when there are no people to carry in or carry out?"

"Give us the lines and we'll furnish the people," replied the brothers.

"Give us the people and then we'll build the extension."

The Van Sweringens' answer to that was typical.

They built their own electric line to Cleveland.

How they financed their first railroad is a subject which may not be gone into here. But it awakened the Cleveland men of money to the fact that they had with them two young men of somewhat more than average ability.

Today Shaker Village is one of the wonderful suburban districts in America. In 1900 the land was appraised for taxation at two hundred and forty thousand dollars. Only a few days ago it was appraised at twenty-nine million two hundred eighty-two thousand three hundred and twenty dollars.

In 1916 the Van Sweringens decided they had proved to themselves that they were to be trusted in adventures of national scope. They stepped out, shoulder to shoulder, these two sturdy, thoughtful, word sparing men, and bought the Nickel Plate Railroad. They did it so abruptly and with such finality that Wall Street had a slight fever and several congressional committees which have to do with transportation decided that somebody ought to speak to these Cleveland boys. The Interstate Commerce Commission perked up and asked for a few facts to be filed away with the other millions of facts filed away in the catacombs of Washington.

The Van Sweringens answered all questions with such thoroughness that Washington subsided and Wall Street lost its hectic flush.

"Just what," said they, "do you know about that?"

And the boys went back home, shoulder to shoulder, and bought more railroads.

Their education? As far as classrooms are concerned it was not worth mentioning. The elder Van Sweringens were poor. But there were free libraries, and there was the whole world to watch. The library in the Van Sweringen house on Shaker Heights is a magnificent thing these days, and the boys are still reading and listening—but not talking.

Just once, at a public dinner, Oris made a speech. You could hardly call it flowery oratory. The tongue of the Van Sweringens assays no silver.

"How would I advise a young man?" queried Oris. "I would advise all young men who are anxious to further themselves always to wage an open fight. Frankness is our secret of success. Always place your entire hand on the table, so that the other parties may see just what cards you hold."

"Whuff, whuff," replied Wall Street.

And there you have the Van Sweringens. Be not again caught unprepared.

THE END

Fiancees of Mere Men Should Never Know Too Much, Betty Points Out!

Picture by
ROBERT G. JONES

"A sample of Heaven," he commented, holding my hand an instant too long.

Wanted—A WIFE, F. O. B.

As Told by the Vivacious Betty to LILLIAN DAY

Fourth of the Series,
"And I Learned About Men from Him."

[*These stories were told the author by Betty, which, of course, isn't her real name. The names of the men concerned are also fictitious. Betty is of the petite blonde type, not a beauty in the Ziegfeld sense, but she's not difficult to look at and she has the rare attribute of personality. Each man thinks she is his discovery.*—Editor.]

AS Socrates was dragged between Ionic columns to the tune of the Athenian wedding march his friends must have put their heads together and whispered, "What can he see in *her?*"

Shakespeare, Heine, and innumerable others stooped double to conquer. One doesn't have to turn the pages of history, however, for examples of this phenomenon. All about me I have seen brilliant men worshiping butterflies, while women who would make real helpmates trudged daily between musty offices and lonely furnished rooms, wasting their sweetness on the subway air.

The Bradleys, for instance. After four years of married life Jack was more in love with Marian than ever, though I feel sure they never held an intelligent conversation.

Marian was fond of me and eager to see me "settled." When she invited me to dinner to meet Jack's new partner she gave me a lecture by way of preamble as we were repowdering for the last time in her dressing room.

"Don't be too clever, Betty," she admonished, "Men don't want an Animated Essay after a hard day. They want someone sympathetic and easy on the eyes. Your rôle should be mostly pantomime if you want to play big time, and Allan Thatcher's a headliner—money, brains, and family. I'd like to see you land him."

"I'm not husband-hunting," I retorted brusquely.

"Of course not, dear, not consciously. But to a single woman every man is a potential husband. Wait until you see Allan! If I were free I'd set my best forty dollar bonnet for him myself."

And when I looked up into gray eyes, mysterious in the shadows of black lashes, I knew why. I was glad I had just had my hair shampooed—it always brings out the golden glints—and that I had worn my azure dress, which makes my eyes their bluest.

"A sample of Heaven!" Allan commented,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mildred Davis, Beautiful Photoplay Star, uses and recommends Maybelline

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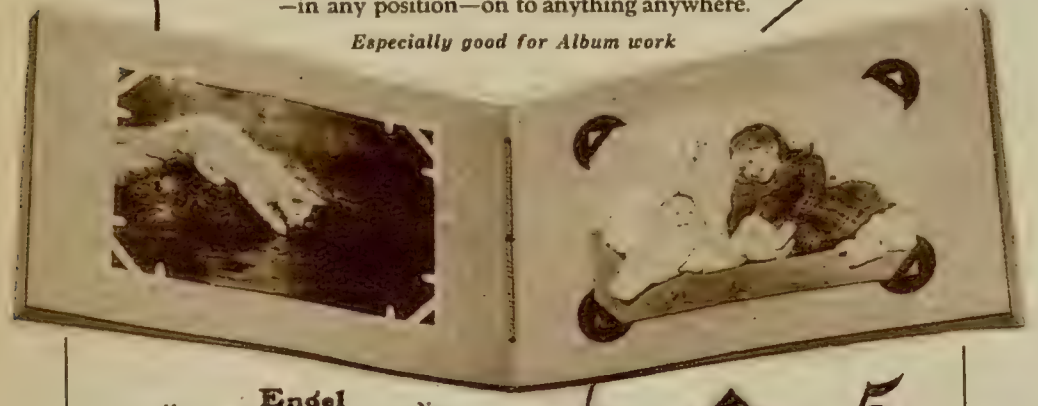

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

holding my hand an instant too long. I replied with an ingenuous "Thank you," and lowered my eyes.

At dinner I confined my contribution to occasional nods and smiles, and to keeping Allan supplied with butter and olives. Soon I realized that Allan was talking not so much *with* Jack as *before* me, as a small boy plays catch before the window of his sweetheart. Several times during the evening I caught Marian's eye registering warning or approval. Decidedly I had underestimated her.

ALLAN took me home and tried to kiss me good-night. Nothing would have given me more pleasure, but I knew refusal would raise me in his estimation.

The next day I received an invitation to the theater, enveloped in a bouquet of violets. I accepted, though the play was a stupid farce which I had already seen.

"Laugh at all the silly jokes," advised Marian when I phoned her, "and for heaven's sake keep your opinions on the future of the American drama to yourself. Doll up for all you're worth, wear his flowers, and thank him for a *wonderful* evening. You might let him hold your hand during the second act. The first is too soon and during the third let him wonder why you withdrew it."

Under Marian's able guidance I succeeded in dimming my light. Within a month Allan proposed. I was duly surprised and accepted in the traditional manner, putting my head on his shoulder. I had perfumed my hair for the occasion.

WOMEN are veritable chameleons. Put a woman in ten different environments and she will be successively ten different women. I affected baby-talk and cultivated a number of feminine mannerisms.

"I'm glad you don't try to be clever," Allan would say, stroking my hair. "If there's anything I hate it's this suffragette type." I wondered what he would have thought if he had seen me in the old days, carrying a banner down Fifth Avenue marked, "VOTE FOR THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT!"

"A woman's brain is different from a man's, and it's no use for her to try to do the same things."

I could have refuted him with scientific excerpts, but I irrelevantly kissed his ear, which pleased him more than any aphorism I could have delivered.

I wonder how long I could have kept it up.

Allan's cousin Ernest came to town and invited us to dinner. He asked my opinion several times and it certainly felt good to be regarded as an intelligent human being once more. I noticed Allan's look of surprise and disapproval whenever I made a pertinent remark, and once or twice he interrupted me to pronounce his opinion with an air of finality that incited me to open rebellion.

Ernest was an inventor and, like all people who haven't achieved the summit of their desires, never got very far from his subject. He took from his pocket a little wooden model which, he assured us, was going to revolutionize automobile construction. He drew diagrams on the back of the menu with A's and B's and dotted lines. I followed keenly, my mind alert after its long rest. Before demonstrating his model he asked us what would happen when he blew through a tube.

"The paper will fly off," said Allan.

"No, it will stay in place," I said, "owing to the vacuum created by the current of air."

"Exactly," cried Ernest enthusiastically.

When I proved to be right Allan gave me a look calculated to wither a century plant, but I was defiant.

ERNEST and I discussed politics, science, music. Ideas which I had kept simmering under a lid now boiled over freely. Allan sullenly broke his bread into crumbs.

On the way home he sat as far from me as the limits of the taxi would permit. He made no attempt to kiss me good-night.

The next day I returned his engagement ring.

I couldn't resist enclosing with it a delightful sonnet by Edna St. Vincent Millay:

O, you will be sorry for that word!
Give back my book and take my kiss instead.
Was it my enemy or friend I heard,
"What a big book for such a little head!"
Come, I will show you now my newest hat,
And you may watch me purse my mouth and prink!
O, I shall love you still, and all of that.
I never again shall tell you what I think.
I shall be sweet and crafty, soft and sly;
You will not catch me reading any more:
I shall be called a wife to pattern by;
And some day when you knock and push the door,
Some sane day, not too bright and not too stormy,
I shall be gone and you may whistle for me.

The vivacious Betty will relate another of her lively and fascinating experiences with men in an early issue of this weekly.

A Champion of Champions

SYBIL BAUER

is the marvelous young woman who broke a world's record twice in two days. Swimming the backstroke at the Olympic games, on July 19, Miss Bauer covered 100 meters in one minute and twenty-four seconds, which won the first semi-final event and set a new world's mark. The following day Miss Bauer won the final heat by covering the same distance in one minute and twenty-three and a fifth seconds.

The WOMAN'S

A Dinner of White Peacocks on Platters of Gold—a Question of Rank and Precedence Between a "Cousin of the King" and Members of the Diplomatic Corps—House Hunting in Rome—These Are Some of the Intimate Glimpses of Court Life Offered in This Article

A brilliant reception to the diplomatic corps in the Quirinal, which is the palace of King Victor Emmanuel III. in Rome.

THE first domestic problem I had to solve upon arriving in Rome was to find and rent a suitable embassy. This is a difficult task, and one faced only by American diplomats.

Even countries as small as Siam provide adequate quarters for their representatives. And as for the larger ones, when the new British ambassadress came to Rome, shortly after we did, she went directly from the station into their spacious, dignified embassy, built by their government for entertaining, fully equipped and furnished, and partially staffed with permanent servants. Added to this, the remuneration of the British ambassador is almost three times that of the American ambassador, who receives seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year, which, obviously, does not by any means cover all the expenses.

Our representatives not only pay the rental of the embassy themselves, but have the burden of securing it. Of course, innumerable houses were suggested. Every day at least a dozen letters were received at our hotel telling us of "exactly the right thing." And day after day, in the intense August heat, I would start out hopefully to investigate these marvels, only to find them unsuitable in some way.

Our predecessors had finally become discouraged and had lived during their entire stay in a hotel. We did not want to do this, but began to think that it might prove "Hobson's choice." Then someone else came along and said that the Duchess of Lesmoneta, the owner of the famous old *Palazzo Orsini*, was willing to rent the central wing, consisting of forty-six rooms and a private garden, which she had just spent the last two years doing over for herself.

We went through narrow, dirty streets toward the Tiber, turning at the Piazza Montanara, where, on hot summer nights, farm laborers sleep, without moving, on the uneven cobblestones; then we went up through a wide gateway where a liveried porter always stands. Instantly the world of dust and noise and heat was forgotten.

We went up a winding drive, through giant chestnut trees, to the great palace of faded yellow travertine. At the central doors we dismounted and another liveried porter showed us up the great marble staircase, carpeted in red velvet. In the entrance room we saw the huge throne of tapestry bearing the Colonna arms (the owner was born Princess Colonna), showing that hundreds of years ago there had been a Colonna Pope, who, when he visited his family, had been seated beneath this canopy.

WE went from one cool and spacious room to another; four of the loveliest of them opened with long French windows into an enchanting court garden which has existed for hundreds of years. There was a formal pattern, made by precise little flower beds gay with snapdragons and daisies, gravel walks, thirty mandarin trees, and only the splashing of seven fountains to break the quiet.

Around the four sides vines of lemons, oranges, wistaria, yellow and pink roses climbed in their season upon the ancient walls. Tiny forget-me-nots and mignonette and lemon verbena grew there, too—O, there was everything in that garden! Peace and quiet, broken sometimes by the merry sound of children's voices and the twitter of nesting birds.

As soon as we had seen the garden we knew that the place would be ours if we could humanly arrange it. There were even the prosy advantages of four newly installed bathrooms, central heating, and open fireplaces in almost every room. We signed a two years' lease, as

End of DIPLOMACY

By Maude Parker Child

Wife of the Former American Ambassador to Italy.

Picture by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

we had decided to return to America after that time, and moved in the first of October.

The next step was to engage servants. One by one I saw various applicants for the job of major-domo—as he was the keynote of the staff—until I secured an excellent man, for many years before the war with the smartly run Austrian embassy. Next in importance was the chef—then the others were easily found.

Housekeeping details were easy, and were made easier by the unfailing good nature of the Italians. It even sometimes seemed as if they rejoiced in those last moment announcements that there would be six extra people for luncheon or thirty-two for tea. Every morning the white-capped chef would appear in the library, where I attended to my correspondence. He always had two books. One contained suggested menus. Often I approved them entirely; sometimes I substituted other dishes. Then I put down the number of people expected for luncheon, tea, and dinner.

The second book contained the bills for the preceding day. He did all the marketing except for fruit, sugar, coffee, etc., which the butler bought, and I paid him a certain fixed amount per person for the servants. He charged us for meals so much per person, just as a hotel manager might charge.

EACH day the chef and I would go through the same dialogue. "That is much too much!" I would say in my best Italian, closing the account book emphatically. "But no! It is less than any other chef in Rome could do it for!" he would protest in hoarse Neapolitan dialect. "Not at all! It is twice what anyone else pays. You must make the bills less, or I must find a more economical man."

The chef would bow gravely, his dark eyes serious, as befits a misunderstood artist, pick up his books, ask if *Eccellenza* had any further commands, and depart. And the next day, of course, the bills would be larger!

Having installed ourselves in the *Palazzo Orsini* with a staff of competent servants, the background was prepared for entertainment.

Calling looms large in Roman social life. After I had been received by her majesty Queen Elena I then called by appointment upon the wife of the minister of foreign affairs, then in turn upon the ambassadresses. After that, I, being an ambassadress, had no more personal calls to make. My cards were sent by messenger to return calls upon me. The members of the entire diplomatic corps called, but except for them the Roman convention decrees that no one shall call, even upon an official, without having been presented.

I always gave orders that I was "not at home" except by appointment. But I endeavored to invite to tea sooner or later everyone who called. I preferred this to a "day at home," where uninvited guests are apt to come week after week. It is, moreover, no compliment to any of the guests, and gives the hostess no opportunity to group them.

OF course, at an embassy it is not always possible to use as rigid distinctions as one may unofficially. And many times, after parties were carefully arranged, I would receive word that some persons were in Rome for only two more days and hoped to see us, as they had a personal letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Sometimes the sender of the letter would be the President himself; sometimes it would be the most casual of acquaintances. Then would come that problem that distresses all hostesses: "Will they fit in?" And in this case the problem may be even more vexing, as one has to ask them "sight unseen."

Upon occasion, these last minute people proved so delightful that they added greatly to the success of a party; for there is nothing more agreeable and stimulating to people who go out a great deal than to sit next to a previously unknown person of real charm.

AFTER the court and diplomatic circles, next in importance in our routine social life came the American colony. We have a number of distinguished and delightful compatriots in Rome, as well as many American women who have married Italians. There are no dinners now given in Rome so splendid as those of Mr. and Mrs. George Wurts in their beautiful palace. One of their many famous courses is of white peacocks, with their tails outspread, on huge gold patters, served by liveried footmen.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Guy, who have the finest Risorgimento library in the world, one met distinguished Italians of all sets. Among other charming compatriots resident in Rome are the Duchess d'Arcos, wife of the former Spanish ambassador to Rome; Mme. Berdan, Mrs. Iddings, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Haseltine, and Mme. Tomasetti, whose first husband was Marion Crawford, and whose luncheon table abounds in excellent conversation. And we were proud that two of the loveliest women in the entire diplomatic corps—Mme. van Royen, wife of the Dutch minister, and Mrs. Kennard, whose husband was counselor of the British embassy, were Americans.

Our first official entertainment was in honor of the return from America of General Diaz, just made *Duca della Vittoria*. He told me one night when he took me in to dinner at the splendid house of another delightful American hostess, Miss Kemp, why he chose this title.

"Usually," he said, in Italian, a duke represents a particular section of the country. His title is derived from that section, and he gets certain revenues with the title. I thought much about this. And finally I concluded that I would not be the duke of any one section. So I asked to be called *Duca della Vittoria* ('leader of the victory'). In this way every soldier in my army shares in my title."

Needless to say, General Diaz is a man of great ability and charm, without personal fortune, beloved by all Italy.

Our first official dinner presented many amusing complications. We set the date on the occasion of General Henry T. Allen's visit

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Have You The Urge To Write?

IF THERE is something inside of you which demands the right to express itself, something which commands you to sit down—perhaps, at odd moments, whenever you can find a little spare time—and try to put on paper the remarkable thoughts which continually formulate themselves in your mind, then you have the urge to write.

But mere desire to work in wood and stone would not make you a builder, and mere desire to cure would not make you a doctor. Inclination must be supported by training in order to make one proficient in any pursuit.

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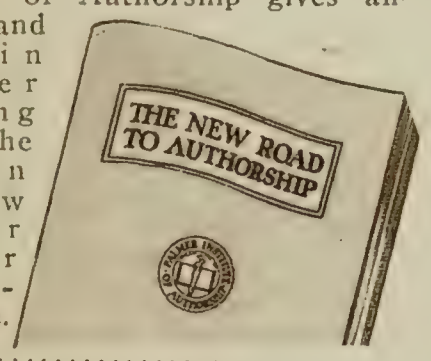

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

to Rome. He came with American troops from Coblenz to present the Congressional Medal to the Italian Unknown Soldier. In accordance with diplomatic convention, we invited the minister of foreign affairs as our ranking guest. He was then at the conference at Cannes, and telegraphed his regrets. So we then asked General Diaz, head of the army and member of the Royal Order of the *Annunziata*. This confers the fictional relationship of "cousin of the king," and it is always said that *Annunziati* can sit down in the king's presence. Whether they avail themselves of this privilege I do not know, but there arises confusion as to whether, under Italian practice, they shall take precedence, as royalty does, over diplomats. Diplomats, strangely enough, think they should not. However, General Diaz sent word that he was unable to accept, as he was in mourning for a recently deceased relative.

So we then invited as ranking guest the distinguished dean of the diplomatic corps, M. Barrère, French ambassador to Italy for nearly thirty years. He and Mme. Barrère accepted. Then, two or three days before the dinner, another telegram came, from the minister of foreign affairs, saying that he and the Marchesa della Toretta would, after all, accept.

This was quite easy to manage, as it simply meant putting him first and Ambassador Barrère second. But later in the day General Diaz wrote, saying that, in compliment to General Allen, he had reconsidered and would attend! The Navy Department then had to be represented by its member of the *Annunziati*, Admiral Thaon di Rivel.

No two men would be more welcome dinner guests, but where were they all to sit? We flew to the foreign office for a decision; they refused to commit themselves.

"The question has never been definitely decided," they said, in substance. "The Italian court says *Annunziati* should come first. The council of ambassadors at Vienna years ago said the contrary. But, after all, you are accredited to the Italian court. That means putting our head, the minister of foreign affairs, third, and our best advice is to do so."

Finally we decided to "do as the Romans do."

The technique of seating an official dinner requires mathematical as well as diplomatic ability. It is necessary that each guest should have his or her correct place, in relation to every other, and, although the exact rank can be learned from the special department of protocol of the foreign office, it is sometimes very hard to make the respective dinner partners congenial as well as correct.

A further complication is that some women—as, for instance, ladies-in-waiting—outrank their husbands.

One of the duties of an ambassadress is to present her countrywomen at court, but since the war Her Majesty Queen Elena has not held any audiences of this kind. As this presentation carries with it the initial task of selecting from all the applicants the limited number permitted to be received, it is arduous and thankless work which I was glad to escape.

ONCE each Spring, when the king pays a visit of inspection to see the work of our art students at the American Academy of Rome, my husband and I, accompanied by his staff, were on hand to welcome him. For obvious reasons the king cannot in advance set a date for public affairs. The head of the academy, Mr. Stevens, might be notified from the palace some evening that his majesty would arrive at the academy the next morning at nine! Mr. Stevens would come immediately to our house, then ride, like Paul Revere, to sound the warning to the widely scattered other members of the embassy, warning them that the king is absolutely punctual, and on one historic day even arrived ten minutes before nine!

These occasions were always enjoyable; the king has an exceedingly wide range of interests and is likely to astound those with whom he talks at length by his varied, genuinely scholarly knowledge. He shows in his manner those traits of shyness and self-consciousness inherent in all sensitive people, but he is unfailingly kind and considerate of every person who has the privilege to be in his presence.

A composite day from my engagement book is as follows:

8 A. M. Breakfast with the children.

8:30 A. M. Leave for the American Academy to welcome the king.

10 to 12 A. M. Housekeeping, correspondence, and one hundred invitations to be sent out to tea.

12 M. Committee meeting at the Anglo-American Nursing Home.

1:30 P. M. Luncheon at the Dutch legation.

3 to 4 P. M. Finish invitations and check off acceptances and regrets for official dinner.

4 to 5 P. M. Several persons passing through for tea.

5 to 7 P. M. Attend three teas.

8:45 P. M. Dine at the British embassy.

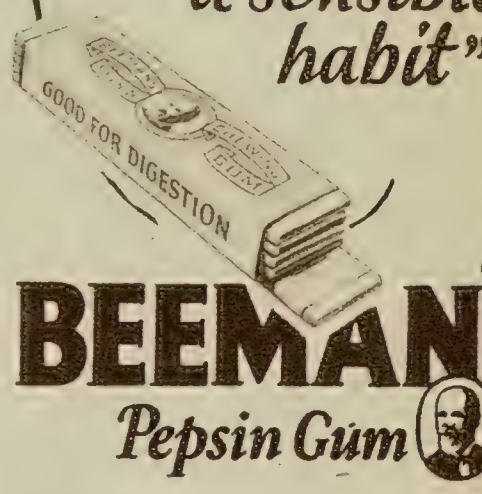
11 P. M. Ball in honor of the Princess Piombino.

Any woman knows that to do this kind of thing day after day means work. But, unless one's eyes and ears become insensitive, it means also a great adventure, with the most fascinating background in the world.

THE END

At the office the days go faster with Beeman's—it's really delicious and its use is

"a sensible habit"



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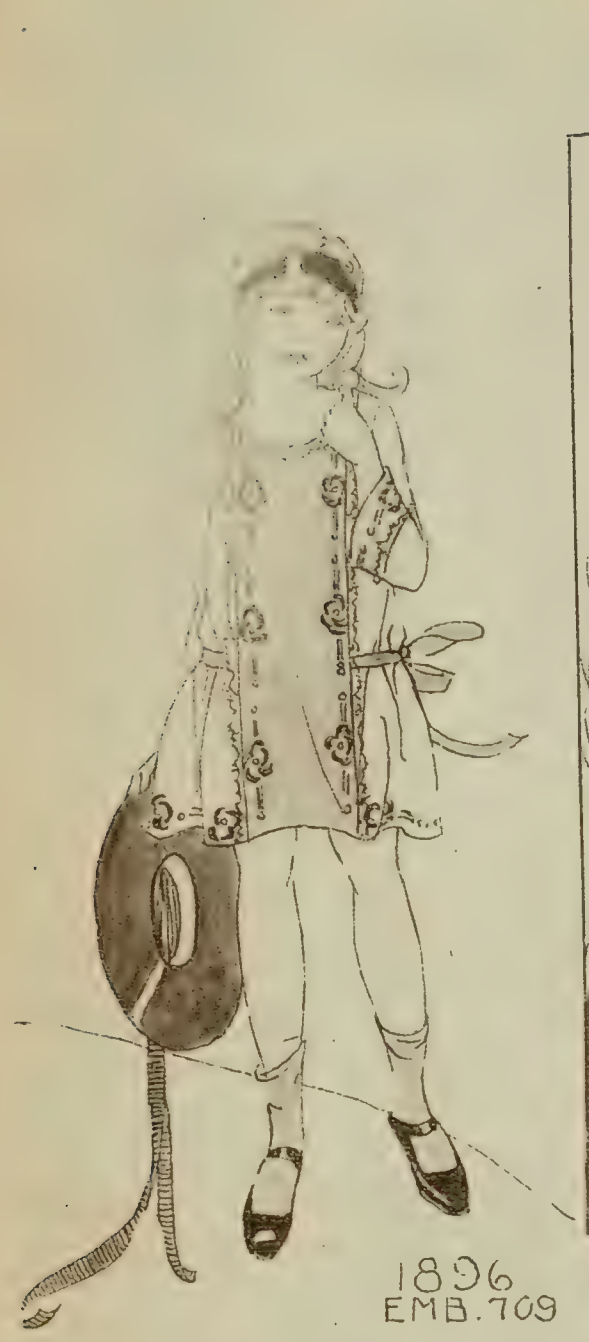

School Days Aren't So Far Off!

By PATRICIA

NONCRUSHABLE linen, English cotton broadcloth, and pongee are about the most serviceable materials you could wish to use. They are neither too warm for the remaining warm weather nor are they too perishable for clothes which later must be worn to school. Cotton crêpe and wool crêpe are good, too.

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PREPARING the GIRL for COLLEGE

by Corinne Lowe

THERE was a time, perhaps, when the higher education interfered with a higher valuation of clothes. Nowadays, however, there is a complete reconciliation between the "ologies" and dress, between feminism and femininity.

Altogether there is justification for the remark of the Vassar junior who, acquainted with her Latin classics, said, "The Campus Martius is become the Campus Smartius." Smart, in truth, is the modern college woman. Yet her air of fashion always should strike a balance between chic and conservatism, between youth and maturity.

As in the case of her younger sister, the preparatory school girl, the girl going off to college needs first of all an abundant supply of sports clothes. Quite aside from those specialized athletic outfits — bloomers for hockey and "gym," riding clothes, skating costumes, et cetera—there must be a collection of separate skirts and sweaters, of blouses, and one piece frocks.

That the course in skirts is to be very short this season is exemplified, first, by a cloth frock showing the peasant influence, and next by a suit of men's suiting trimmed with checked material.

dress is the model at the left, made of navy kasha, twill, or charmeen.

This shows the peasant influence observed in many fall creations, with its touches of red embroidery, its hedge collar, and streamers of ribbon.

The crêpe frock demanded by dinner and the matinée party is exemplified by the lower left creation borrowed from the Paris stage. Made of *tête de nègre* georgette over a flame colored slip, it exploits on the left shoulder a flower of the flame color matched by one at the waistline. Equally explicit in its message of youthful charm and simplicity is the dance frock at the lower right. This may be made of mousseline, chiffon, or organdy, or it may be achieved in taffeta.

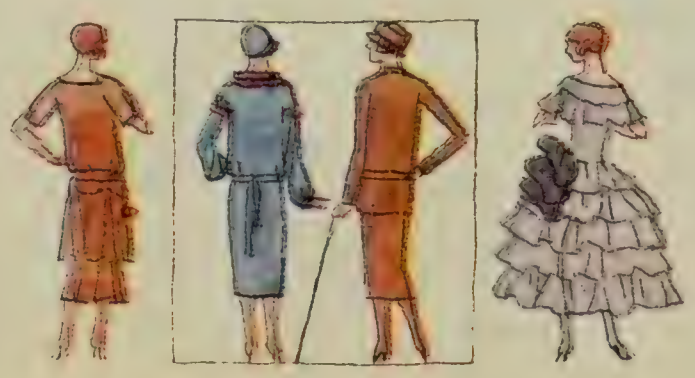
As to blouses, the middy type is still a favorite. Nevertheless, a very decided current of sentiment is leading many college women toward the blouse which tucks inside the skirt. These blouses, made of English broadcloth, linen, dimity, or tub silk, are often constructed with the tailored long sleeve. They are worn with separate skirts.

Now as to suits. We were bound to have a reaction from the boyish model. It has come, and it has come with a vengeance. The leading tailleur of this fall is made with a very long coat—one which reveals only a narrow boundary of skirt.

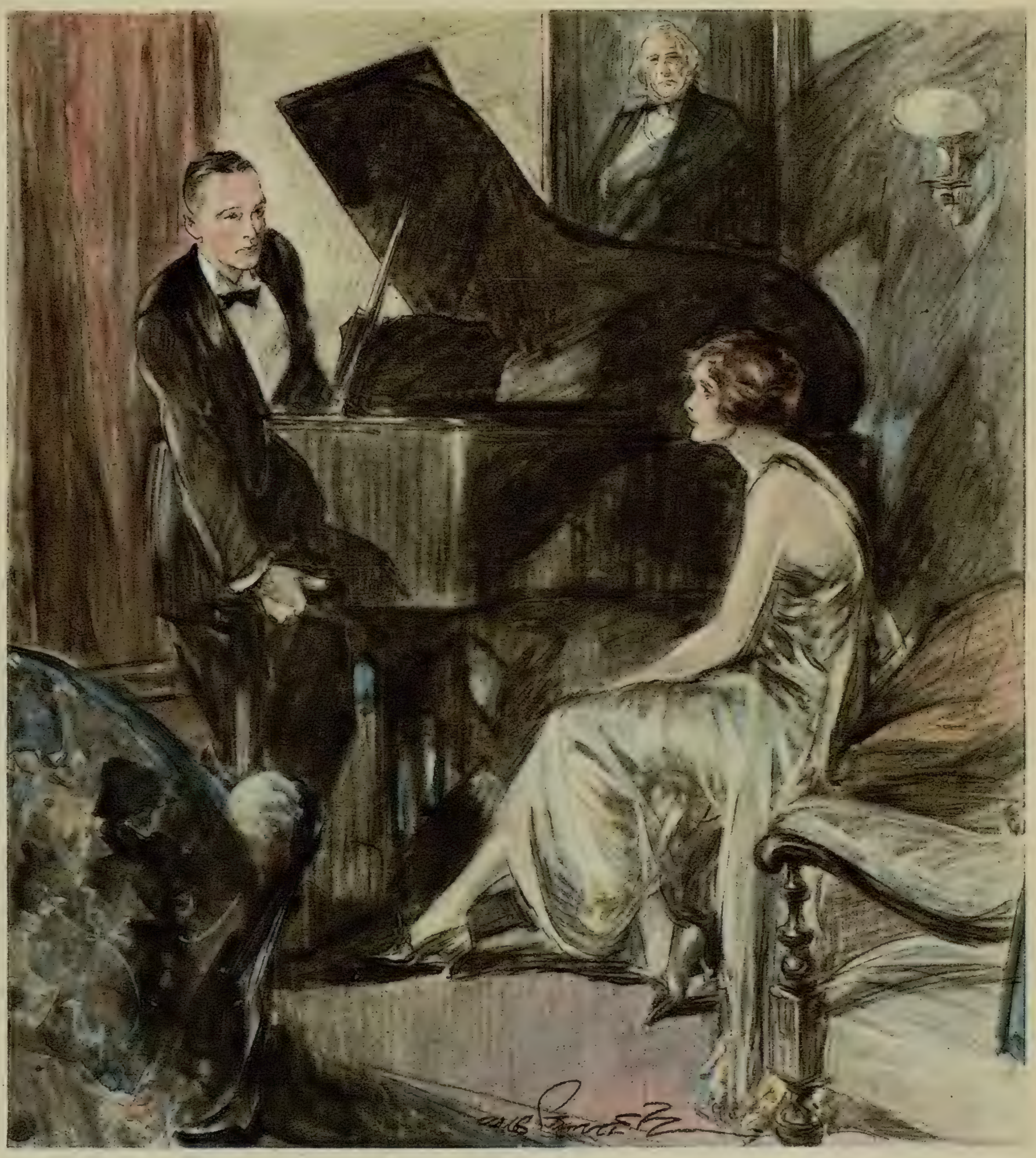
This new model is entirely an elective subject. The college girl may take it or leave it. But if I were occupying the chair of dress at a woman's college I should certainly advise as "snappier" and more typically collegiate the model of brown suiting trimmed with checked material shown at the upper right.

The same objection which I have raised to the new suit with the long jacket is equally applicable to the cloth frock. In this domain the coat frock with redingote influence is a dominating influence. For the college woman, however, I should not advise it. Much more in line with the college spirit of

Sure to get a "quality credit" in attire is the college girl who wears to dinner this brown georgette made over flame color.



Freshman or senior will "major" in dance frocks with this creation of violet mousseline with its bow of purple satin.

A Speculation on Why It Is That Frail Woman Has Her Way in the Romantic Contest Known as "Wooing"

If he does try to lift the piano, just to show her, he will only feel ridiculous.

The WAY of a MAN with a MAID

Second in a Series of Essays on Love by the Brilliant English Student of Women

W. L. GEORGE

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

A WOMAN once confessed to me that she might not have married her husband if he had not proceeded as follows:

"Having known me for a short time," she said, "he led me to a secluded place, suddenly embraced me, and informed me that we were to be married next morning, since he had the license in his pocket."

The devices of lovers are many, and this one, which consists in exhibiting the maximum of boldness, may very well be justified. It represents one of the ways in which men approach women, and on the whole it is a good method, because it expresses strength, determination, the qualities which women are supposed to seek in men. On the other hand, it is clumsy, it may offend, and, above all, it may come too soon, before the lady is quite sure that she wants to be carried away.

Women tolerate the boldness of men just as they tolerate a certain degree of roughness, and even a certain mental cruelty. According to my notebook, a woman once remarked that a man is a creature who smokes, spits, and swears. It is amusing, therefore, to see a man adopting boldness as a device. How he nerves himself! How he urges himself to be a man and not to be afraid of her! How he says to himself:

"Tonight I'll kiss her if I have to kill her."

There is something a little pitiful about it, for it foregoes the delicate byplay of boy and girl, which is akin to the circling of butterflies about a flower.

Few men, it is true, are cast in the heroic shape. They are at heart much too afraid of women to follow caveman tactics. Besides, though they have been told by the poets and the playwrights of all ages that the bold man wins, they have also been told that woman is mysterious, that she must be treated like an uncertain cat, her jealousy aroused, her mind stimulated. Thus we find many a man adopting towards his beloved an attitude of aloof-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

ness. Aching for her, he treats her casually, dances with others as often as he can, generally conveys to her that she is a nice girl, but no more.

What is so pathetic is that the woman, infinitely more nimble in these matters than any man, has known from the beginning he is interested in her, that he is trying to play her, while she, like a wise old salmon, circles delicately about the bait, asking herself whether she will take it.

THE woman is often fooled by her own cleverness. The time comes when, say, a nose is looking red, or when the wave comes out of her hair, and when, seeing herself as she is, she suddenly asks herself with horror whether after all she can attract, whether the aloofness of the man who pleases her is possibly assumed. Then the device is justified, and here is one of the rare cases where a man marries a woman instead of being married by her.

Of course this does not occur when a man is so overwhelmed by his beloved that he approaches her humbly, like a dog craving a caress. That is not a lover's device, but the abdication of devices, one which women have hardly ever been known to adopt.

As a rule women do not much desire that which they can obtain so easily. Unless, and let us not forget that, the man adds to his humility the natural and potent device of flattery.

There a man can never err. His device is simple, but he cannot flatter too much, too grossly, or too often. The woman is not born who will resent being told that she is lovely, even though she won the consolation prize in the local beauty competition. When the man has told her that she is not only exquisite but witty, emotional, artistic, domesticated, worldly, frail, and vigorous she may angrily ask him whether he thinks her so foolish as to swallow this gross flattery, but some she will swallow. As a man put it to me the other day:

"If only you throw enough some of it'll stick."

Lastly comes bribery, an ugly word, but every man or every woman has his price if only you bid high enough. That is the most commonplace method among men; by presents, seats at the theater, rides in automobiles they establish an atmosphere of gratitude, and if it becomes thick enough often a suffocated belle falls gasping into their arms.

How gross it all is! How pathetic, this pursuit of women by men, when we compare it with the pursuit of men by women! The average man pursuing a girl studies women in general, women with a capital W, women in the plural . . . while the lady in question is studying *him*, his present, his past, character, tastes. His future she will attend to.

What chance has the one who is thinking of a sex against her who is concentrating on a person?

Man's method is to exhibit himself as a peacock and take his chance of admiration. The woman uses methods far more complicated, far more subtle, and often unconscious. A woman in love will use the appeal of weakness with much more fatal effect than a man can use the appeal of strength. His strength gets no opportunities in our world, and if he does try to lift the piano, just to show her, he will only feel ridiculous, while the woman, unable to push a piano, unable to read a timetable, unable to do anything, has opportunities all the time. While the man must seek opportunities to do something sensational, and fails to find them, she can exhibit touching incapacities, physical and mental.

Unconsciously she uses as a device the shedding of an atmosphere, sweet and unselfish. I have known a girl take great notice of a baby when a man was present and ignore it when he wasn't. I have even known a modern girl to be polite to her mother while masculine eyes rested upon her. What she is unconsciously suggesting by this device is that she can provide her quarry with an aura of charm, with what I may call man's dearest desire, the wedded life.

But the craft of a woman, quite unconscious in most cases, is as supple as a snake. She may equally with man use flattery as a weapon, and she will use it with more formidable effects, because man is more open to flattery than is woman.

I KNOW this goes against accepted ideas, and that woman is supposed to be the vain sex, but that seems to me incorrect. The field of flattery is narrow, when it comes to women; when their good looks, their clothes, and their wit have been praised there is the sad end of the entertainment, for one cannot congratulate them upon their physical weakness and their apparent foolishness.

But when it comes to flattering a man the field of his vanity embraces all the world. His good looks, his clothes, his wit, equally with woman's, may be praised; then she may admire his industriousness, his ruthlessness, his courage, his hot temper, his generosity, his impulsiveness, his learning, his proficiency in sports, his economy, his . . . his . . . anything that is his.

Once again my notebook yields a feminine confession, that of a woman who has been happily married for forty years, by merely replying to everything her husband has said:

"My dear, you are absolutely right."

But where the suppleness of the snake comes in is that the woman who is too proud to flatter often chooses to slay by suggesting a superior spiritual standard. Her device is to appear rather cold, rather removed from earthly emotions. She is a little casual, replying "Very likely," or "Do you really think so?" in a pale blue voice, originating from her eyebrows.

Or she will languidly listen while the man talks of magnetos and ask him why he doesn't read Maeterlinck. It tells, that feminine device. The man is impressed and feels that he has come into contact with a fairy, a creature of gossamer and gauze. His voice begins to sound too rude, and his feet swell in their shoes. Finally, like Bottom, the Weaver, he crawls at the little feet of Titania.

AND again, if that will not do, the snake can turn upon itself; a truly feminine snake can turn itself inside out if required; if a man cannot be enslaved by coolness, and the woman will infallibly know it, she may overwhelm him by blinding his eyes with the garish picture of the vampire.

She will zone her eyes with kohl, whiten her cheeks and redden her mouth. She will smoke two cigarets to his one; she will even face a cigar. And she will wear a red, red hat, deafening him with red, red conversation, until, bewildered and twisted around as if he were playing blind man's buff, the poor, dull, simple man takes on the part of the moth and is precipitated into the candle's flame.

The curious part is that the poor creature will never realize his mind has been plotted out in neat squares, and that most women are born surveyors of the masculine intellect. He will never realize the immensity of loving contempt upon which the woman bases her mastery. He will think she has striven to please him and has pleased him; he will never know that if he were another kind of man with another kind of taste she would have worn white voile and a hat trimmed with forget-me-nots.

This may sound like an attack upon women, but I assure my readers that I never attack anything. Things and people are what they are, and there is no mending them. Besides, it matters very little what devices lovers use. Their object is natural and estimable. Above all it is inevitable that those who fall in love should seek to acquire each other.

So it does not in the least matter whether unconscious trickery operates or what road is traveled toward the broad avenue of matrimony.

This is the second of a series of Essays on Love by Mr. George. The third, which will appear soon, will be entitled The Engagement.

The Final Installment of a Pretty Girl's Story of Her Attempt to Win Fame and Fortune in the Film Studios of New York

Getting a JOB *in the* MOVIES

By KATHRYN MARTIN

THE first thing I did upon rolling out of bed at the call of the dilapidated alarm clock at seven o'clock, the morning after I had been chosen for a real "part" at Mr. O'Brien's offices, was to draw out from beneath my pillow the remaining funds on hand. I found thirty-five dollars. My funds were going fast. It was a good thing I had a job at last.

Feeling blue and happy in turns, I walked down to the subway, which would carry me across beneath the river. I think I was just a little bit uneasy. At any rate, I bought a picture newspaper and read all the movie news over and over again, and before I knew it I had arrived at my station in New Jersey and was on my way to the address Mr. O'Brien had given me. It was just an ordinary small picture theater on a small street.

I found the company which had engaged me "sight unseen" (without having seen me) was just an ordinary, small, extremely cheap, and little known concern which had rented this theater for use as a setting for the day. I walked in, and when I announced who I was a large, perspiring man, who evidently was the director, swore under his breath because I was late. In all the movie magazines the directors swear because the actress is late. They do it in real life, too. Anyway, I heard more swearing in the motion picture studios than I imagined could be put into words.

As this man began talking to me, telling me the idea of the story to be filmed, I realized, to my great astonishment, that I was cast in a low comedy—one of the lowest. Lord! what had I done to deserve this? After all my preparation, my honest effort, and my looks! A low comedy!

While I darkened my eyes before my little purse mirror and put red on my lips this director was saying, "And Louie will walk in just at that time and sit down on your hatpin, which you are to leave point up in the seat beside you—see?"

I saw, all right, and I nodded my head, embarrassed and humiliated. I felt dread and fear, as I thought this picture would be seen by mother and father at home, and then I suddenly realized to my immense joy that in Lima they didn't run such terribly hokum things as this, and I was more at ease.

I ventured the remark, as they arranged the setting of this awful scene, that I certainly didn't think much of the part I was playing, and the director puffed up and said, "Most of 'em ain't so particular." I replied that anyway I was particular, and he said to me:

"The particular ones has got someone to take care of 'em."

I didn't quite understand this, but he made it clear by adding:

"You got a fine chance being particular unless one of the big birds is crazy about you! But you ought to be a success, at that."

It seemed to me that the motion picture art was just about at its lowest ebb as we swung into this scene—showing an awful looking ham actor trying to make a funny situation out of sitting down on a hatpin in a theater seat.

"Come on over!" the director thundered out, pointing at me. He took me into the lights—and what horribly strong lights they were!—and began rehearsing me in a scene with the comedian, Louie. The rehearsal of the scene lasted about a minute and my heart was fluttering with excitement as the director yelled:

"Shoot!"

Now, at last, I was at least in a part where the director talked to me. And mighty soon he was talking, too.

"Say, how'd you happen to get out here?" he asked me, between scenes. "You can act! Wanta stick with us?"

I FELT not, and said so. O, what miserable surroundings and what frightfully hard work! That day was over after the hardest labor I ever did in my life, and my eyes ached from the awful rays from those lights, which they shoved right up before me.

The director, true to his word, trailed out after me to the street and boarded the same car. Before we had reached New York, this man had not only done everything in his power to get me to promise I would stay with the company, but he had quite crudely proposed he would like to marry me.

I was so humiliated and so sick at heart I thought I couldn't sit beside him. I felt like throwing back at him the seven dollars which he had paid me before leaving the studio, but I didn't do that. Just as we were about to leave the train I discovered that Louie, the comedian, also was on this car, and he came up and smiled at me. I smiled back, of course, and he began talking of various things, mostly concerning pictures.

At one station the director got off and Louie took his seat. We had not ridden long before he began to tell me a long story about illness, and when I got up to leave the train he asked me if I would lend him five dollars until the end of the week. He seemed like an honest fellow, and still the thought of a man asking me for money stunned me at first.

I couldn't bear to leave him when he seemed in need, so I gave it to him and told him I was glad to do him the favor. (I never heard from Louie, so my day's work went for nothing.) I hadn't realized what a nerve racking day this one had been for me, but when I arrived at Mrs. B.'s I couldn't eat. I just lay down on the bed exhausted.

I was late in arising the next morning and hurried to the studio without breakfast.

BY two o'clock in the afternoon I was famished and shaky. Finally, in a scene in which a man kicked off his slippers one of the slippers hit me in the face, and I really thought I should wilt from exhaustion. I simply had to have something to eat then, and after a half hour more I was told I might run across the street—but I'd have to make it snappy.

When I came back I felt somewhat better, but I almost was made sick again as I entered by seeing the black haired vampire of the picture sitting in a dark corner making love to the terrible director. This was almost too much. I could have screamed. It was disgraceful, and I had to look at it just the same.

Anyway, we worked on, hard and fast, and six o'clock came, when we ought to have been released, but we weren't. I thought it was a pretty big seven dollars' worth they were getting, but I needed the money and couldn't express myself. They had dismissed everyone finally except Louie and me, and it was nearly seven o'clock. I looked out and saw that a terrible storm had come up, and I realized I would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

have to go through it to get back to my rooming house.

"It's a damn pity," I remember hearing the director saying, "you can't save your weeping for a cry scene or else wait until you get home. Now, fix your makeup and come on into the scene. Here—this'll fix you up." He held out a dirty, flat bottle of whisky and added: "Take a couple big ones and you'll be O. K."

Offering me a drink of whisky! I straightened up and said:

"No, sir! I can go on without it."

GETTING to my room that night was a nightmare. I truly was a very sick girl. I didn't know how near to exhaustion I was. I know I was crying most of the way. And when I got in I remember seeing still before me the faces of people on the streets who stared at me. Several of them whispered:

"Why, she's a pretty girl; what's she crying about?" As if anyone else in those crowds could know!

Several men had spoken to me, but by this time I didn't pay any attention to this. Even a policeman had had his little joke about my crying.

When I arrived I had to count up to see where I stood, and found an even thirty-seven dollars in the purse. I was spending more than a dollar a day on incidentals, I found, and this horrified me. The agent who got me my job was taking two dollars a day out of my seven, so that I had earned exactly ten dollars in my two days' work.

Well, the thirty-seven dollars looked pretty weak and helpless, and I prayed that it might not dwindle too fast from now on. How I wished for home! How I longed to get away from all this tawdry, evil business!

About eleven o'clock I awoke suddenly, I felt a terrific pain in my head and realized I was in bed with my clothing on. I tried to open my eyes and couldn't see a thing. I thought at first I wasn't even able to open my eyes. But I later learned they were open. Stone blind! Blind and alone in New York! How I seemed just to wither up at my own misery. What had happened?

The first thing to do, I thought, was to call for help, so I screamed out for Mrs. B. When she came to my door I heard her gasp and then she cursed.

"What in ——, child, has happened to you?" she said, grasping me about the shoulders. Then she seemed suddenly to have a thought, and I heard her laugh loudly and swear a couple of times more.

"Kid," she was saying, her words bubbling with joy, "you're famous now. You've got Kleig eyes! And, bad as the gosh darned things hurt, they ain't dangerous. You'll suffer a few days and you won't dare go into the light—you'll have to lay here quiet. But you'll git over it. Now lie down and I'm going to get the doc."

This she did, and I lay there in that room for three days without opening my eyes. Once a day the doctor came in and placed cold pieces of cloth soaked in boric acid over my eyelids. His bill was four dollars altogether, so you see he rather took pity on me, too. Sometimes Mrs. B. would come in and read a movie magazine scandal to me. For the rest of the time I was quite alone and quite lonely to boot.

As I lay there my destiny unwound before me. One more enormous try at the big pictures, I recall resolving. After that, if I did not meet success, I was through.

Well, finally I walked out one bright morning, just three weeks and two days after arriving from Lima, to begin my search for a real place in the movies or none at all. I still wore colored glasses, but before entering the first studio I visited that morning I threw them away. Then I went and picked them up and put them in my purse. I still have them as a souvenir.

When I entered the studio—a *real* one—I felt at once that now, after my experience, I was getting on. How perfectly delightful it would be to get a place here which was really something. And when the doorman opened the door and told me to go in I had a distinct thrill. Inside the great room, which was light and airy, I had another thrill when I beheld my old hero, Tommy Meighan, walking about the place, smoking a cigaret, big as life. I wanted to run up to him and tell him I adored him. Then I saw Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, and Rudolph Valentino all in a group, talking and laughing. "Ah! At last," I said to myself, "this IS the life!"

Several pictures were being made.

Two directors came walking toward me. I found that they had been waiting for just my type, and here I was. They smiled a little, but didn't remove their hats. They said I would have a part in a very big picture, but added, with some earnestness, that the star and the star's wife would have to pass on my fitness first. This was satisfactory to me.

EVERYONE was moving toward the studio cafeteria to eat, and just then the star came along. He was handsome and smartly dressed. I liked him right away. I'll not tell you who he was. Anyway, he was very graceful and kind to me, and he smiled and said I was "just the girl."

My heart leaped. And when he actually asked me to go down to the cafeteria with him, imagine my joy! He told me his wife would have to pass on me, too, and indicated that he was sure I would be all right. I was delighted to be passed upon by anyone at that time, and so we walked away to the cafeteria—the star and I.

WE were sitting there over our coffee when something happened. The star's wife walked in, and in her eyes I could see an anger which was entirely beyond control. She was nervously clutching her purse and umbrella and, as she advanced to our table, it seemed to me she meant to strike her husband.

"Another one, eh?" she burst forth with, pointing to me with a thumb. "What the hell do you think I'm going to stand for from you, anyway?" she snapped at her husband. The young actor seemed stunned and frightened. He tried to explain I was being considered for a small part in the picture.

"Small part, the devil!" rasped the woman. "I know all about that. Met her in the Blue Goose last night, I suppose. So what they've been telling me about you really IS true. Listen, you little snipe," she was addressing me now. "You carry yourself out of here and don't ever put your face back in this studio again as long as you live! I'll show you how to come in here and ruin my husband's career by sitting in dark corners having tea with him. *Get out!*"

I WAS sick and shaking with fear again. I did not say even a word. I walked out of the studio with my heart fairly breaking. I remember very well how I wondered, as I walked out of the front door, tears in my eyes, where the railroad station was located. I remember, too, a vision of my daddy's face and my mother's smile.

Sick, weak, discouraged, I sat down at the corner. All the futility of the great city loomed up before me as I once more counted up my money. I went to a cigar store across the street and called up the railroad station. The fare to Lima, they told me, was $25.22, and $1.70 for an upper berth. I deducted this $26.92 from my bank account and found exactly $3.08 remaining. The $3.08 would be sufficient, but it was a pretty close shave. Two hours later I had a nice warm dinner, sitting on a stool in the station, and soon afterward was reclining in the Pullman car bound for Lima. I was happy. I was disillusioned. And I was almost asleep.

As if almost in a dream, I heard the voice of a man who was passing my chair.

"Pretty kid there," he was saying to his chum, "got a profile that'd go big in the movies—eh, what?"

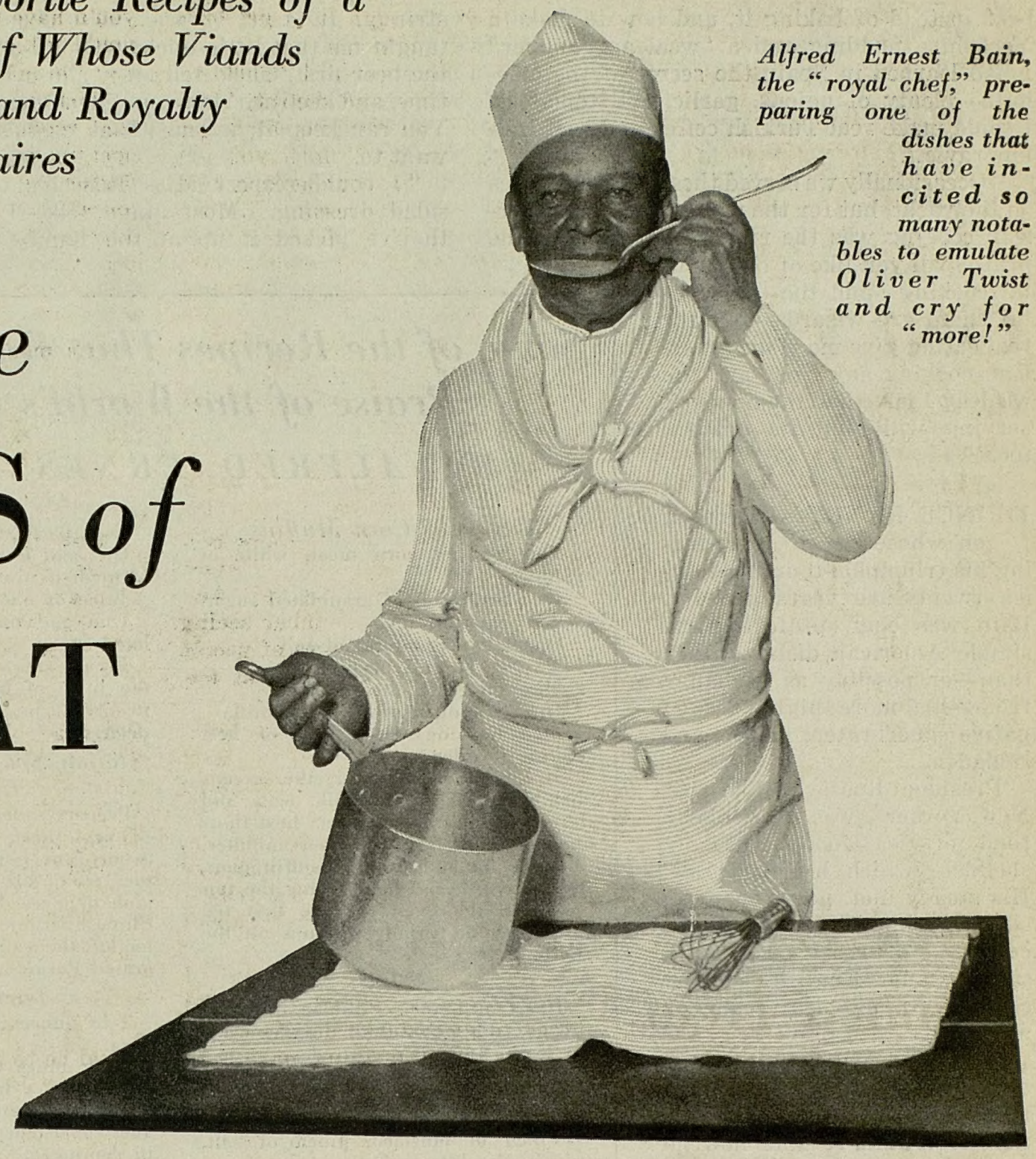
"Eh, what, is right!" I murmured to myself, and took a little nap into the bargain.

THE END

Being the Reminiscences and Favorite Recipes of a Famous Pullman Company Chef Whose Viands Have Delighted Presidents and Royalty and Many Millionaires

He TICKLES the PALATES of the GREAT

By PAUL T. GILBERT



Alfred Ernest Bain, the "royal chef," preparing one of the dishes that have incited so many notables to emulate Oliver Twist and cry for "more!"

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
That he is grown so great?"
—Julius Cæsar, Act 1, Scene 2.

HAD Cassius asked this question not as a mere rhetorical gesture, but for the purpose of obtaining information, he might have gone directly to the royal chef.

He would have found, perhaps, that the imperial Cæsar, aside from the spiced peacocks' tongues at the state banquets, and a skinful of Falernian wine, preferred plain cooking, steaks medium done, broths and sauces not too highly seasoned, and cheese or a simple pastry for dessert.

What constitutes the food of the gods, and whether or not such a menu is responsible for one's "growing so great," are still matters of speculation.

The greatest living authority on the subject, however, is Alfred Ernest Bain—or A. Bain, as he modestly refers to himself, the royal chef who has prepared favorite dishes for princes and Presidents, who has spent a lifetime serving millionaires and magnates.

A. Bain, who, by the way, is something of a philosopher and biblical student, as well as a master chef, has been in the service of the Pullman Company since 1901, operating exclusively on private cars.

He has served Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Vanderbilts. He knows the tastes of movie queens, of railroad presidents, of governors, of theatrical magnates.

Prior to entering this service Mr. Bain had been in the employ of crown appointees to the Bahamas, and had cruised around the world as chef on a yacht.

In charge of the commissary at West Point, he had waited on General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, and the children of President Arthur.

Mr. Bain has studied under the great chefs of Europe. In his répertoire are the famous recipes from Shepheard's and other hotels at Cairo, famous hostelries of Paris, and the Hotel Paris of Madrid. He learned how to prepare spaghetti at Naples; how to concoct Turkish coffee and pilffi at Constantinople; how to make a tortilla in Barcelona. He learned the secret of French pastry and French dressing in Paris; how to make beaten biscuits and to cook and season a 'possum in Louisiana.

"I WAS bo'n," Mr. Bain will tell you, rather proudly, "of American parentage—old slave stock—in Nassau, New Providence, Bahama. My grandmother was a lady's maid in a Baltimore family. She and my grandfather were to be sold in New Orleans, but their ship was wrecked off Abbaco Island, at the town of 'Hole-in-the-Wall' near Nassau. They escaped to the Bahamas in 1834.

"During my boyhood in Nassau I served in the families of Sir James Young, who had a crown appointment; and of Sir James Harmon Dericci, chief justice. Those were the days of formal banquets and elaborate state functions, in which I played my humble part. At the banquet table I waited on Governor Robinson, Governor John Pope Hennessy, Judge Philip Austin Smith, and other dignitaries. It was Judge Smith who helped me with my education."

At the age of eighteen Mr. Bain found himself in St. Augustine, Florida, where he made himself useful in the St. George, the Magnolia, and other noted hotels.

It was at St. Augustine that he met his future patron, the late James Renwick, New York architect, who had made port on his steam yacht Jean. In young Bain Mr. Renwick saw a likely boy, so he engaged him to take charge of the kitchen on the Jean. On this palatial vessel the young Negro lad was destined to see the world and to prepare himself as a royal chef under the European masters of the culinary art.

"In this de luxe kitchen," Mr. Bain says, "I learned the elements of cooking. My employer, Mr. Renwick, was a man of plain tastes, as are so many millionaires.

"Mr. Renwick wished to gather architectural ideas from the old world, so we traveled, I as his cook and bodyguard, through France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt. Cruising up the Nile from Cairo, we visited Luxor and the Valley of the Kings, where the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen has since been discovered. We toured the Holy Land, visited Palestine, Jaffa, and Bethlehem, and, being a student of the Bible, these historic places made a deep impression upon me.

"BUT the cathedrals of Rome and Barcelona, the Mosques of Constantinople, the Hall of the Knights of Malta, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, the shrines, and the pyramids were for my master. At each stop we made I was turned over to the *maitre d'hôtel* with instructions to learn as much as possible from him. I emerged from that world tour with a knowledge of almost every native dish—a cosmopolitan chef, if there ever was one.

"I had learned in England how to broil roast

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

beef instead of baking it, and how to make a Yorkshire pudding and a 'weal an' 'ammer.' I had learned in Spain the secret of the omelette—plenty of onions, garlic, and tomatoes. I could make real Turkish coffee and real Italian ravioli.

"Occasionally we served these foreign dishes on the yacht, but for the most part plain American cooking was the rule. You can sing the praises all you like of continental cooking—and the continental chefs are wizards—but for real eating give me plain American cooking any time, and the wealthy I have had the honor of serving will sing its praises, too."

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, on whose private car during his triumphal tour of America twenty-five years ago Mr. Bain was chef, preferred the simple American dishes rather than—or possibly as a change from—his more highly spiced native sauerbraten, klopse, and rouladen.

President Roosevelt, like most New Yorkers, was particularly fond of sea food, especially shellfish, which he liked raw. His steady diet, however, especially during his inland trips, consisted of roast beef, thick steaks, and English mutton chops, with pie, ice cream, or rice pudding for dessert.

"He liked his steaks charred so as to hold in the juices, but rare—almost too rare—inside," says Mr. Bain. "And how he loved game when we could get it! Colonel Roosevelt certainly was an epicure when it came to mallard duck or ribs of venison. And kingfish *meunière*—perhaps he didn't like that! To make it you prepare the kingfish, leaving the head on. Dust with salt, pepper, and flour. Brown in butter with a little lemon juice; garnish with sliced lemon and parsley and serve.

"Ogden Mills had a favorite recipe, and he was always glad when he could get me to concoct it. Baked chicken pie! I can give you the recipe, but unless you know the secret of a flaky pie paste you might as well not try it. Boil two four-pound roasting chickens until tender. Remove bones and pick to pieces. Have ready a deep dish with bottom and sides covered with pie paste. Slice two large potatoes and one large carrot very thin. Add, together with eight button onions, to chicken, and cover with thick sauce made from stock in which chicken has been cooked. Cover with pie paste and bake. Serve from oven to table, and you have one just like Mammy used to make."

ACTRESSES and movie stars, according to the royal chef, are likely to have eccentric tastes. The Talmadge sisters are fond of squab, served usually along toward midnight. The late Lillian Russell never considered a meal really worth while unless cocktails and wine were served with each course.

"Miss Russell," observes Mr. Bain, "liked chafing dish things, and could make an excellent Welsh rarebit, warming the beer first so as to prevent the cheese from becoming stringy. In fact, it was Miss Russell who taught me that little trick. 'Be sure to warm the beer first,' she'd tell me; 'add a little at a time, and keep stirring your rarebit constantly. You can keep it as smooth as custard if you want to.'

"I could respect Miss Russell's tastes in salad dressing. Most stage folk—I suppose they've picked it up at the Lambs Club or somewhere—use every possible condiment in your *batterie de cuisine* to mix a salad dressing. But here's Lillian Russell's famous alligator pear salad:

"Remove the seeds and skin from alligator pears; cut lengthwise in eight parts and serve on lettuce leaves with the following dressing: Two tablespoons of vinegar, four tablespoons of oil, a pinch of paprika, and salt to taste."

Tomato en surprise, another of Miss Russell's favorite dishes, is made thus: Tomatoes, the skins first removed, are scooped out and the insides filled with a fine chicken salad. They are served on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

And here is Billie Burke's own private little appetizer—stuffed eggs: The eggs, after being boiled twenty minutes, are allowed to cool. The shells are removed and the eggs cut in half lengthwise. The yolks are taken out and mashed together with anchovy paste—an ounce is sufficient for eight eggs. The mixture is seasoned with a dash of paprika, the eggs are refilled and served with "orange blossoms" à la Palm Beach.

MISS BURKE, according to Mr. Bain, has an original way of making toast. Plain white bread cut thin and sliced into one and one-half inch squares is placed on the shelf over the stove for twelve hours, then placed in the oven to brown, and is served hot. "Miss Burke," he says, "insists upon this kind of toast every morning for breakfast."

One is indebted also to Mr. Bain for the secret of the favorite chicken sandwich of former Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York. This delicacy is made as follows: White bread in quarter inch slices; one slice buttered, one slice spread with mayonnaise. Insert hearts of lettuce and chicken breast cut thin, sprinkled with a little salt and pepper.

"Reggie Vanderbilt," says Mr. Bain, "is something of a *bon vivant*. He likes late breakfasts of Southdown mutton chops and strawberries, and for a midnight lunch there is nothing he thinks more highly of than a chicken salad. This, however, is made after his own recipe. Here it is: Take two four-pound roasting chickens. Boil till tender in salted water seasoned with one bay leaf, a small carrot, one small onion, and a half dozen whole allspice. Clean four stalks of celery. Cut celery and chicken in small dice and moisten with a little vinegar and olive oil. Place the salad on lettuce leaves and cover with a rich mayonnaise. Sprinkle with capers, garnish with fancy cut beets and carrots, and serve."

THERE is such a thing as appreciation being carried too far, and it was while at West Point in the eighties that the royal chef rebelled against repeated encores. President Arthur's son and daughter discovered that he had a genius for making old fashioned corn pone. Bain served them with a masterpiece of corn pone and received a repeat order. Again corn pone was forthcoming, but the youngsters were not yet satisfied. Like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. He made more, but still that wasn't enough.

"Look hyah, now," the chef protested finally. "You-all will jes' natchally make yo'self sick eatin' co'n pone like that. What you-all want with mo' co'n pone?"

THE daughter of the chief executive looked up and gave the chef a cold stare.

"This," she announced icily, "is a free country. You can either wear shoes or go barefoot. Do you understand? Go down and get some more of that corn pone."

"That taught me a lesson," says the royal chef. "Never dispute the tastes of those you're waiting on. If a person wants corn pone, give it to him."

Bain is at home not only with millionaires and Presidents, but also with collegians and sportsmen. There has been no championship prize fight within the last decade that he hasn't attended—in the capacity of private car chef—and he is an expert on fisticuffs. As chef for the Yale Glee Club on tour Bain has frequently been pressed into service as an after-dinner speaker, and he was called on during the last trip to explain some of his biblical lore.

THE END

Some of the Recipes That Have Won the Praise of the World's Great

By ALFRED ERNEST BAIN

Delicious Corn Muffins

One cup of corn meal, white or yellow.
One scant cup of granulated sugar.
Two cups of flour.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
Two eggs, well beaten.
Two ounces melted butter.
One and one-half pints of milk.
One heaping teaspoonful of best baking powder.

Mix dry ingredients together except baking powder; add milk, eggs, and butter, baking powder last; beat thoroughly and let stand ten minutes. Beat again and put in muffin pans, well greased, and bake, using the top shelf in the oven for the first ten minutes, and twenty minutes on the bottom.

Salad

Heart of lettuce, Pullman dressing.
One tablespoonful of malt vinegar, or lemon juice if preferred.
Two tablespoonfuls of best olive oil.
One tablespoonful of catsup.
Pinch of mustard, pinch of salt, pinch of white pepper.
Five drops of Magi sauce, paprika to taste.

Pompano a la Coursey

Boil pompano in salted water with a bay leaf, add six whole allspice, cover with Hollandaise sauce, and sprinkle liberally with paprika.

Strawberry Ice Cream

One and one-half pints of cream.
One-half pint of milk.
Juice of one quart of strawberries.
One and one-half cups of granulated sugar.

Freeze cream, milk, and sugar, add the juice of berries last, give about twenty turns, pack, and serve when desired.

Italian Spaghetti with Sauce Espagnole

Prepare sauce of browned knuckles of veal, beef, or chicken, cook for twenty-four hours with onions, tomatoes, whole allspice, peppercorns, salt, and pepper. Strain sauce through Chinese strainer. Boil spaghetti until tender, then add sauce Espagnole and grated Parmesan cheese.

Turkish Coffee

Two ounces pulverized Mocha and Java.
Four ounces water.
One ounce brown sugar.

Boil ten minutes until it attains the consistency of paste, and serve in demitasse.

'Possum, Southern Style

Catch 'possum, clean thoroughly, and parboil till tender. Make dressing of bread, celery, onions, thyme, sage, salt, and pepper.

Stuff and finish in oven with sweet potatoes rounded. Close the oven door and cook until done.

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